

THE Golden Way.

MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN and MRS. ROSE L. BUSHNELL,
PUBLISHERS.

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The Golden Way

MAGAZINE

WILL be devoted to the dissemination of TRUTH, on all the live issues of the day, which affect directly or indirectly the advancement of Progressive Thought.

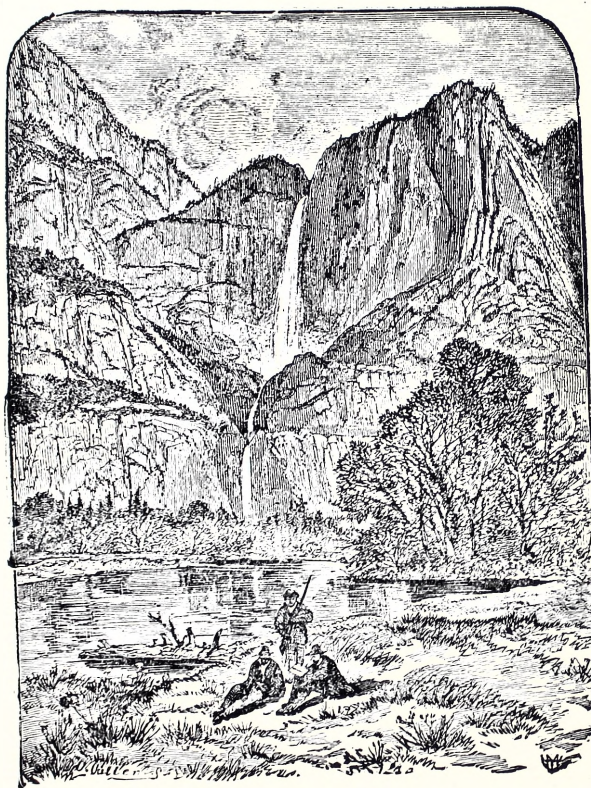
Believing that SPIRITUALISM, as a science, solves the riddle of the Sphinx, answers the question of the Ages, and presents to man the most magnificent elucidation of his immortal destiny, it will especially advocate the truth of Psychic Phenomena.

MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN

MRS. ROSE L. BUSHNELL,

} Publishers.

Address "GOLDEN WAY" 624 Polk Street, San Francisco.



YOSEMITE VALLEY.

THE GOLDEN WAY.

IN MEMORIAM.

AN INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSE.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

NOT only once a year, but almost incessantly, we are called upon to commemorate the transition to another field of action of some more or less distinguished men and women, and as we watch the departure, one by one, of all the most celebrated patriots, artists, scientists, philosophers and others, we cannot but feel the question ever arising in our minds, whither have they gone, are they sleeping, are they far away and silent, have they lost their interest in all terrestrial concerns, or do they constitute an invisible portion of the inhabitants of this little world which to some of us no doubt appears as though it were the veritable center of the universe?

The recurrence of Memorial Day gives us added opportunity to enter at some length upon this theme, as no intelligent or thoughtful person can be content to join in processions and memorial exercises and decorate the graves where the bodies of fallen heroes are resting without discerning

in the ceremonies and the celebration something beyond obedience to the call of custom and the practice of a national ritual. Soldiers always exert a peculiar fascination for children; their stately bearing and imposing uniform are particularly attractive to youthful eyes, while military music possesses a wondrous charm for juvenile ears. Toy soldiers are among the favorite playthings of most little boys, who in countless instances look forward to joining the army and filling the ranks of defenders of Fatherland. This impulse is essentially barbaric, it is a relic of savagery which many of us are happily fast outgrowing, but with the cessation it is impossible that we should lose our admiration, amounting even to reverence, for those brave, noble qualities which are ever present in the popular heroes of any people.

Taking the letter of the Bible as an indication of the prevailing sentiment of a by-gone age, we can well

understand the shout in David's praise when the acclamation rent the air, "Saul has slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands." To be a mighty man of valor, invincible in battle, was to earn title to the highest distinction in olden times, among peoples who had not grown to perceive a better way of settling differences than by the use of swords and spears. The cause of Israel against the Philistines was felt to be a righteous cause, and thus religious fervor and patriotism went hand in hand, and the self same spirit animated the Hebrews 3000 years ago that animated the American people 115 or even thirty years ago. The great decisive battle which resulted in the Declaration of Independence in 1776 and the dreadful civil war which terminated in the peace jubilee of 1865, though accompanied with the most revolting details of blood-shed and internecine strife, led up to that more prosperous and peaceful condition now enjoyed by all who live under the protection of the stars and stripes. Memorial day bids us to forget warfare, however, rather than to remember it; the ranks of veterans become thinner and thinner year by year, until to-day the old soldiers have to be looked for with the eye of spirit rather than with the eye of flesh. They fought, they bled, they died to things external, in the interest of what they felt to be a holy cause. Northerners and Southerners alike fought manfully for home and kindred, and in spite of all the barbarities of the conflict a mighty

principle of equity was being outwrought in the destiny of this great Republic.

In the light of social and moral evolution it is not difficult to highly appreciate and endorse a motive and at the same time rejoice over the abolition of a method no longer adapted to the rapidly civilizing world. A war to-day between the United States and Italy would be a ludicrous spectacle, utterly out of gibe with the tendencies of the hour. We may be pugilistic when in the arena of intellectual controversy but we have certainly bade farewell to the use of firearms if we rank ourselves among the "cultured." But then the query immediately arises, is the country inhabited by cultivated men and women, or are hordes of barbarians in the majority while the representatives of higher education are but few in number? The spirit of impending strife is rife all over Europe. France and Germany at least are not at rest, and as multitudes of emigrants are continually sailing into New York harbor, bringing with them the traditions and emotions fostered in lands beyond the sea, there is a seeming danger in imported warlikeness. But the true American citizen, whose boast it is that this country is ahead of all others in the march of civilization, instead of bemoaning the fact that others are degraded and permitting himself to fear in consequence for the fate of his beloved land, should bestir himself to prove that it is the law of progress that the stronger should lift the

weaker, the higher help the lower rise.

At the very outset of the Roman republic history informs us that tribe after tribe united with the original companions of Romulus and Remus until enemies became converted by thousands into fellow-citizens. In the fusion of nationalities in the United States to-day we feel certain that we gaze upon an alchemical process of transmutation, and that ere long the varying discordant metals which have been led into the fiery crucible of modern free institutions will come forth as pure, imperishable gold; the furnace may be for awhile the scene of boiling, seething conflict, but the end of the turmoil will be the formation and consolidation of a greater people than the world has yet witnessed. On the Pacific Coast in particular is this process being rapidly carried forward to a successful issue, though neither North, South or East can fail to share in the conflicts and triumphs of the extremest West.

The recent tyrannical edict of the Czar driving multitudes of Jews out of Russia must result in the pauperization of that land of woeful despotism. The Hebrews driven out of Russia are far more intelligent than the Russian peasantry, and for that very reason they cannot be confined in the galley chains of servitude. As they depart Russia must become weaker and weaker under the old regime. But let imperial despotism be carried only one step beyond the point of endurance and Russia herself,

in the possession of her own sons of the soil, nominal adherents of the Russian church, will shake off her manacles, flying wide her prison doors and transform even the deserts of Siberia.

The amalgamation of races is not always necessary. The Negroes, for instance, are probably pre-Adamites—Adamites signifying people of ruddy hue—and are not adapted to intermarry to any large extent with those of the Caucasian race, but the American negro is no more an African to-day than he is a European or an Asiatic. His hands have tilled the soil of this country, and as there is plenty of room for him in Virginia and adjacent States, where he flourishes best and feels most at home, and as he is well adapted to cultivate sugar, cotton and other desirable commodities, is it not clearly his rightful heritage to remain as a factor in American industrial life and enjoy the same educational advantages freely accorded to his brethren of paler hue? If he cannot utilize those advantages to the same extent, then he is debared from certain offices only by reason of incompetency, not on account of racial prejudice, which is the most despicable thing on earth. The North American Indians, wards of the nation as they are styled poetically by their often cruel guardians, have every right to the full enjoyment of their reservations, and though there are still fanatical victims of prejudice who will yet side with their oppressors, all fair-minded people the country over are deter-

mined to see justice done to them; and as to the scandalous lynching affair at New Orleans, which has stirred up a tempest in a teapot with Italy, the proper regard for law and order so characteristic of the American people at large can but rebel against any form of terrorism on the one hand or the other.

War in or with the United States is a dream of excited pessimists or hot headed enthusiasts; the time has now come for higher weapons than carnal ones to come into our hands, and though the very word weapon is itself suggestive of strife and will of necessity become obsolete, still in the order of development through which the world is passing, warfare is lifted to the intellectual plane from which it must ultimately disappear forever. All reformers of all schools need to unite in quelling error by demonstrating truth; only light can dispel darkness; knowledge is the only remedy for ignorance; foul air can only be expelled by the introduction of pure air—these and numberless thoroughly authenticated facts in everybody's experience lead us at once into the very heart's-core of our topic, leading up to inquire what influence a distinctly spiritual movement can exert over the temporal affairs of the day. Most reformers try to reverse the natural order of growth; they would purify mankind from without rather than from within, consequently their best efforts are prostrated and their hopes destroyed. All the great sociological movements of the day are so externally based,

at least in popular estimation, that they largely resemble immense machines designed for great accomplishments, without any adequate motive power to start them or keep them running. Nature says insides before outsides invariably; who ever saw a tree begin to grow at its topmost bough? It is under the sod that every occult process of growth is carried forward till at length the period of fruitage has arrived. Then we can gather the rich products of nature's lengthened labor.

In the realm of thought everything must be perfected ere it can possibly attain even to the beginning of any outward expression; and thus it seems but reasonable to state that the spiritual realm is where every first discovery is made. The earliest condition of humanity is entirely mediumistic; primitive men are operated upon and thus they are the passive instruments through which an intelligence greater than their own can work, and we shall find at the present day, if we fairly investigate, that a great number of very excellent mediums are persons of comparatively slender mental accomplishments, then under the influence of some intelligence beyond their own they become transmitters of considerable knowledge. This automatic state is good enough at an early stage in man's individual development, but there must be higher states succeeding it when the reasoning faculty is developed above the instinctive and man enters knowingly, consciously, into communion with

his brethren beyond the veil. Very few persons are at all clear and discriminating with regard to spiritual matters; emotion plays so large a part where deep and tender affections are concerned that it is extremely difficult to assign due importance to the logical faculty and induce reason to walk arm in arm with inspiration. In our endeavors to attain a higher condition than we have yet reached it is necessary that we should encounter numerous obstacles, not that we should succumb to them, but that we should develop our true being by overcoming them.

Inward warfare has to be encountered before outward peace can be secured, and it is the sword of truth that causes us to feel a rending asunder of our inward and outward states. All the hosts of heaven are on the side of man's true self and never can we assert our genuine individuality without co-operating with the seen and unseen who have attained to heights not yet reached by us, while whenever we permit our lower proclivities to take a dominant stand we enter into sympathetic fellowship with the plans and devices of those in lower states. There are, strictly speaking, no devils or evil spirits, but there are many yet in darkness who can be lifted by association with us, while we can be raised in like manner by association with such as have passed on to heights not yet scaled by us.

Now as our thoughts revert to the thousands slain in battles, to the hundreds of thousands hurried out of

the mortal form by the so-called "hand of death," what becomes of them, where do they go to, are they really absent from us, or are they our constant though invisible companions? The spiritual philosophy during the past half century has done very much to dispel illusions concerning the state of the "departed," but it is only in rare instances that we hear Spiritualists even give a clear and succinct answer to the question. Where are the so-called dead and what are they doing? Vague intangible theories are afloat everywhere, and the old prattle about "coming back" and "returning to earth through mediums" does little, if anything, to enlighten the public mind. We need to realize that the spiritual world includes the material, the greater embraces the less, and in this connection let us endeavor to reverse the ordinary form of statement and by self-evident analogies present the higher and clearer view of this all absorbing subject. Our bodies simply drop off from us, or they are torn away from us without our desire or consent, and this will continue to be the case until we have so far learned the law governing their retention as to be able to hold them with us and model them to our will so long as we can find them useful.

The grossly material thought of the world in general prevents the multitude from recognizing ought save through the medium of one or other of the five bodily senses, but the name of a sixth sense many scientific minds to-day are paying at-

tention to,—Psychometric discernment, clairvoyance and other phases of quasi-spiritual perception. The psychic realm and the psychic body occupy interstellar space, and when we consider how immeasurably vast is the space unoccupied by invisible worlds, which are only condensations of universal ether, is it not plain to see that the element in which all planets move is the source and home of all our energy?

In dropping the mortal form why should the real man be in any sense changed? He has merely become invisible; what can be more reasonable than the Swedenborgian teaching that the earlier experiences of those who pass to the "next life" are identical almost with their latest experiences on earth; they are not really away from earth, they have only become invisible to fleshly sense, and if at any moment our eyes were to open to what is really about us, a luminous atmosphere would introduce us to a population many times greater than that represented by this planet's visible inhabitants. Now every thought and practise which encourages the mind to dwell on mortal things disqualifies us from participating in the life of our "departed" friends consciously; they see us when we do not see them, but while they really see us and actually commune with us we are too blind and deaf to acknowledge their presence as long as we permit ourselves to follow the prevailing modes of thought and custom in vogue in society. Every piece of crepe that is worn, every step

taken to the cemetery to weep over a grave, tends to blind our inward vision and dull our inward hearing. It is not cold and unfeeling, whatever it may appear, to seek to realize immortal life instead of dwelling upon physical death. Even the utmost consolation afforded by phenomenal Spiritualism cannot satisfy the senses which yearn after uninterrupted *physical* enjoyment in the society of beloved friends. The true purport and mission of a spiritual revelation of any kind is to open the inward eye and ear to apprehend the facts of ever-present spiritual existence, for unless we are in some way opened to perceive spiritual things spiritually while we are on earth, the time of our disrobing will find us sadly unprepared to enter consciously upon the life of spirit.

The Bible is full of instances in line with this argument. Of the most graphic is the story of Elisha who, from the time of Elijah's translation to the date of his own departure from earth, was continually witnessing sights which others could not see; and how often do we read of cases where people would have been utterly defeated and cast down had they not beheld visions which truly sustained them. To attribute all such experiences to imagination, without properly defining that much abused word, is to stultify all inquiry into the vast field of nature lying beyond our ordinary ken. What is glibly designated "space" is the home of countless throngs of intelligent individuals representing all stages of develop-

ment. The fairy tales and folk lore of all countries are founded upon the experiences of seers more or less developed. We should not blindly accept every detail of such stories, but the incredulity which denies the possibility of any communion with beings ordinarily invisible is far more credulous than even the wildest superstitions of those who through fear and ignorance conjure up an uncanny misrepresentation of much that is actually beheld. Let us strive incessantly to realize the actual and potent nearness of the "great majority;" let us shake ourselves free of all superstitious dread and at the same time vanquish maudlin sentiment, facing fearlessly and profitably the problem of the future life in the light of its being a continuation of the present.

A simple "memorial" of our departed heroes is more likely to enervate than to inspire us to feel that they are dead and gone and that all we can do to show our love and respect for them is to strew flowers over their graves, is the most depressing and pessimistic view of their career that can possibly be taken. On the other hand, if we strive to realize that they are with us, still working energetically as of old, but in improved conditions, what limit is there to the inspiration we can derive from such ennobling reflections on the endless continuity of their work and our own.

The practice of rearing colossal monuments is a vain and foolish one unless those monuments be useful in-

stitutions actively commemorating and perpetuating the life work of those in whose honor they are reared. When John Boyle O'Reilly, the Irish patriot, passed away in Boston, some of his admirers desired to erect a splendid and costly statue to his memory, but the wiser among them proposed that the bulk of the funds should be donated to enlarging the scope and usefulness of "The Working Boy's Home," an institution in which O'Reilly always took the deepest interest. It is inconceivable that an earnest and active spirit can take any delight in masses of granite unless such piles be consecrated to ends with which that spirit is in vital sympathy. The newspapers have stated that a magnificent mausoleum in honor of Emma Abbott will call forth admiration from all who will behold it, but how infinitely more appropriate would it be to found a training school and home for young ladies with ability but without means where they might receive the best instruction for the operatic stage. Thus would the name and work of the fair and kindly songstress be truly perpetuated. In such a home we might well expect to feel the presence of the gracious lady to whom public singing was a religion as well as an art.

As we are under the necessity of pointing better ways for honoring our ascended friends and risen heroes than merely decorating graves and erecting useless monuments, let us ere we close point out the best and highest way of all, if we seek not

only to emulate the good examples of those who have passed on, but also to tread the upward path with them which they are still continuing to tread. The greatest connected with a reputed following of individuals is the general tendency to stand still at a point where they only momentarily rested instead of imbibing their spirit of "forward march" and leaving old positions reach out to the better things before. Paul said, "I have kept the faith," and yet no man ever changed his opinions more radically than Paul. Confucius taught that sincerity or loyalty is the very first of virtues, and with the teaching of the great Chinese sage all conscientiously enlightened people must agree. We see much to admire and at the same time much to disagree with in all the sages of the ages, but no man can have been a hero and no woman a heroine unless that man or woman was irretrievably faithful to conviction.

Our greatest characters in history and romance, including Bible characters as much as any others, have been far from perfect in their attainments, though their ideals have been immeasurably sublime. We must, in forming an estimate of heroism, take into account the ideal toward which the hero strove rather than the often faulty measures undertaken with a view to such attainment. Robert and Robert Dale Owen gave the highest and purest views of communism imaginable to the world as a theory, but there was a defect in the practical outworking of their plan so

that their loftiest dreams are as yet quite unactualized on earth. Think ye not that those brave men are still pressing on to their goal of achievement? May we not best work with them by correcting the errors in their system, not by following exactly in their wake, and think you that the great theological lights of past days are standing where they stood centuries ago?

Phillipps Brooks, the recently appointed Bishop of Massachusetts, is far more in accord with the spirit which animated the projectors of the Anglican Church than the lean remnant of conservatism in the Episcopal body which opposed his promotion to the Episcopal See on the score of his doubtful orthodoxy. Heber Newton in New York is far more at one with the real animus of the framers of the Episcopal litany than Father Ignatius who hysterically demands his expulsion from the church on the charge of "damnable heresy." Dr. Briggs is a far more consistent successor of the Scottish Covenanters than the rigidly orthodox Presbyterians who wish to deprive him of office and influence. And so on through all demoninations, not only in the Christian but in the extra-Christian world, there are two parties—slaves of the letter and freemen of the spirit. It should never be forgotten by the bats and owls who flap their wings and blink their eyes, afraid of every ray of added sunlight, that every movement which has ever been made in the world's advance has been

pioneered by dissenters from existing dogmas as well as customs.

The Church of Rome is the only possible haven for a true conservative, and for that reason Newman and Manning left the English church and found in Rome the only place where they could rest on the basis of an authoritative papal dictum from which there could be no appeal. But even in the Papal church of the United States there are many eminent men who come very near the position of Dr. McGlynn in the estimation of the ultramontane party, and though it may seem illogical, there are just as truly two if not three distinct schools of thought in the Roman Church as in all bodies outside of it. "A liberal Catholic" is nowadays not at all an uncommon expression, but it may well be asked what does it mean? It means that men grow, no matter how inflexible the systems to which they are nominally attached.

We do violence to every impulse which animated the heroes of the past if we pattern after their actions and endorse their opinions blindly instead of imbibing the spirit which animated them, and by so doing follow in the path of progress where they so nobly led the way. No revelation of truth is final; there is always infinity beyond it and the blessedness of immortality must consist in everlasting progress. In the name of freedom and all that is dear to us, let us never for an instant submit to the say-so of any man or number of men. WE KNOW WHAT WE

KNOW, but our beliefs cover a far larger tract than our knowledge, for belief and knowledge sustain the mutual relations of twilight and the full glory of the noonday blaze. What we *know* is whatever we have grasped through our efforts to grow; what we *believe* is what we accept on testimony or what we divinely discern in outline, but cannot as yet perceive distinctly.

Our intuition is always beyond our intellect; the one is no sort of substitute for the other, but while reason lays behind waiting till it is externally convinced, intuition feels, grasps, realizes, and communicates its discovery to the often bewildered intellect. Intuition governs principle; reason dictates policy. That a thing can be done and ought to be done is a discovery of intuition, but how to do it is the result of reasoning. Thus we have two classes of revelators, those who show us what needs doing and convince us that we ought to set to work and bring it to pass, and those who deal in practical plans for the carrying out of these "dreams" subsequent to their primal inception in the thought sphere of the earth's truest and most original benefactors. It is quite needless at this time to review all the steps which have been taken toward the goal we shall finally reach.

The ideal republic, the perfect democracy, is yet a vision of the future. Heroes have been emancipated, and let us hope the hatchet has been finally buried between North and South in Sherman's grave. But have

we yet a thoroughly united people? Do the forty-two stars on the American flag stand for forty-two perfectly harmonized planets revolving in a perfectly adjusted system around a common center, or are there not yet bickerings and divisions which the sword of intelligence must yet destroy? If the patriots of to-day will but resolve to be as true and fearless as the patriots who gave their earthly

all for the country's rescue, our festival of commemoration will be a veritable love feast, at which will assemble the seen and the unseen, united as members of one industrial army pledged to fight every internal and external foe, not with sword and spear of mortal world, but with the only weapons acknowledged by the spirit of truth, good-will and intelligence.

MOTHER.

Dedicated to the Angel Mother of Mrs. Mattie P. Owen.

BY ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

Mother! the sweetest, dearest name
That men or angels know!
Fountain of life, fountain of love
From divinity did flow!

Far upward in the timeless past,
Ere form in space had come,
We see thy name in glorious light,
Above thy starry home.

Thy vastness is not young or old
Thy name hath never grown;
Time cannot measure out thy days;
Nor space make thee thy throne.

My love co-equal with thy love,
Within thy arms may rest;
And too, like the Eternal Dove,
May nestle in thy breast.

For in thy sweetest tenderness,
Name all so mild and meek;
Hearts pulsate to its loving sound,
Mother! thy name to speak.

Mother! dearest, sweetest name
That earth's children ever know!
Fountain of life, fountain of love
From which itself doth flow!

WHY DO NOT PEOPLE GO TO CHURCH?

BY LYMAN L. PALMER.

A COLLEGE classmate who is now a minister, earnest, zealous and honest in his endeavors to bring men into the fold of the church, held a revival the past winter, with indifferent results. With the burden of his seeming failure still upon his soul, he wrote me a letter in which he asked me why people were becoming so seemingly indifferent about their soul's salvation. Following is my answer:

Why do not people go to church, or, as you have put it: "What is it that is keeping the masses away from the church?" You say further on: "By the masses I do not mean the vicious mass that has, by its excesses of vice, cut off itself from all that is good in society, regardless of whether it is in or out of the church, but the more or less intelligent, and more or less moral mass, that is content with its morality, as well as its intelligence concerning what the church calls sacred things."

There are probably as many specific reasons why the masses of which you speak do not attend church as there are individuals composing the multitude of that mass. But there must be a few underlying and general reasons which ought to be easily discovered and as readily couched into every-day language, so

plain that no man could err in comprehension if he read them.

I fully believe that there are reasons and that they are potent if not patent, and I shall try to name a few of them, and as far as possible answer your inquiry.

If you will read closely the history of the race you will find that about ever, so often there is a breaking up of the old and established ways of thinking, and new and I may say always higher and better ideas take the place of the effete. There are always conservative men who raise their hands in holy horror, and in the olden days, lighted the faggot, and turned on the thumb screw as well, whenever a man sought light in any but the ways of the fathers. Those advance guards of a new era of religious thought have always been denominated heretics and infidels, and yet the time has come in later years when a large following has risen up to call them blessed. Jesus was an innovator, and was put to death, not because there was legal fault to be found in him or his teachings, but because he was a "blasphemer."

In later years we come to Martin Luther, and all that vast array of named and nameless martyrs. They were all "dissenters," "heretics," "infidels, or whatever other name the

church has chosen to apply to them.

As I intimated awhile ago, these religious movements go in cycles, and we are now on the verge of another and grander one than any the world has ever witnessed. The "morning light is breaking," and we are standing in the rosy gleam of the dawning of the greatest era of religious life that prophet ever dreamed of or seer ever foretold.

As Moses led the children of Israel out of the night of Egyptian bondage, and formulated the moral and religious code that was to govern them for ages to come, and as Paul promulgated the teachings of Jesus and set the gage for the "new dispensation," so are we looking now for him to come whose "shoe latches we are unworthy to loose" to open up the newer way.

The "good old way that our fathers trod" has lost its attractiveness to very many of us. Not that we have lost any regard or respect, awe, or veneration for the way, but it does not go far enough nor along routes which our good sense, reason and judgment tell us will lead us to the heights for which we are striving. We cannot take things by faith any more, there must be reason in it or we condemn it. Paul said when he was a child he did as a child, but when he became a man he put away childish things. So we who think for ourselves and strive to enter into the arcana of the mysteries of this world and the next, have set aside the old and cruder faiths of the fathers, and ask for something that

meets the demands of the time and age in which we live.

The ministers are not abreast with the laity, and the laity are staying outside till the ministry overtakes the grand procession of intelligence that is marching ever onward and upward to hitherto unattainable and unattained heights. The laity accepted the truths of geology as soon as they were annunciated, and yet I have heard many a sermon preached against the science. Astronomy had a hard struggle with the church, and I heard a good sister say not many years ago, that if she thought her Bible did not teach that the earth was flat she would go home and burn it.

Evolution is as well established now as is comparative anatomy, and the laity are reading all about it every day, and believing in it, too. It is so conclusive and reasonable, as compared with the old special creation idea, that they cannot help being firm believers in it. But they go to church and the minister gives them a very unlearned disquisition in which he tells much that is not true, and is not claimed by evolutionists, and but little that is, and condemns the whole thing, and they go away determined not to attend church any more till the parson gets a little more abreast of the times.

Again there is a growing disposition even in the church to drop the plenary inspiration idea of the Bible. To many just now that means much more than it should. They have been brought up in the church and

taught that to doubt a word was to condemn the whole. Therefore, when the concession is made that God's finger did not pass over every word to be found in the scriptures, they rush off at a tangent, and shout that it is all a fraud. The more thoughtful class, those who are out on the ramparts of the age looking eagerly for the signs of the times, hail this concession on the part of the church as the brightest sign they have seen yet. Why? Because they can now take sense and reason as a guide, and read the Bible as they would any book, seeking out the truth and heeding not the false. When they read that the ark of the covenant was sent back on a sled drawn by a couple of cows from the land of the Phillistines, and that all the Israelites whose curiosity led them to go and take a look at it were killed on the spot, till thousands upon thousands of them lay corded up around the sled, they now know that it is false, never was true, and above all does not come under that statement of Paul's that all scripture is given for profit.

You will say that this liberty to choose the truth soon runs into license. That is the point I am making, and that is one of the potent factors in the solution of the problem you have set before me. But let a few generations go by with this winnowing process going on and then see what will result. It will then be well established what is true and for profit, and what is false and worthless.

Again, the church is being driven from its stronghold of creeds and dogmas. Of itself it would not have moved a peg, but the laity are forcing it along. The recent remodeling of the articles of faith in the Presbyterian Church is being done to mollify the laity and is being submitted to them for approval.

People are given very much at this time to investigating the claims of all aspirants for public favor. In that way Spiritualism has caught a vast army of the church people. It is something, in its philosophy, that is so reasonable, and in its phenomena so assuring and faith begetting to the earnest seeker for truth, that it is not to be wondered at that so many join its ranks. In the church they believed that if a man died he would live again, because they hoped it were true. Spiritualism settles the matter once for all.

Others are drifting into the Universalist way of thinking, driven there by the relentless creeds of the church, and above all the unrelenting and often gloating style in which they are presented by the minister.

Others have gone out of the church into Unitarianism, because they cannot see their way clearly in the matter of the miraculous birth of Jesus. Dr. Bushnell sowed a wide field many years ago when he published his book, "Vicarious Sacrifice," and the harvest has been coming in for years now, and the sheaves are all garnered outside of the orthodox church.

Others, but I am glad to say that

I believe their number to be small, are followers of Ingersollism. The devil is not so black as he is painted, and Ingersoll is not so bad as the preachers would have one believe. Of course he is opposed to the church, but if it is built upon a sure foundation, the gates of hell cannot prevail against it, let alone one weak mortal.

Lastly, to make this matter personal, and thus give it individuality, I will tell you why I do not go to church. I cannot find the place where my ideas of God, of religion,

the teachings of the Bible, my sense of right, justness of God, are not all outraged. Ministers are prone to stick to the letter which killeth and forget the spirit which maketh alive. They all have an anthropomorphous conception of God, as did the Israelites 4000 years ago, and speak of him as filled with passions, hates, loves, etc., as are men. Then there is a sad lacking of intellectual pabulum at times. If the minister meets my demands in that respect I can forgive him his creed sometimes.

ONE OF US TWO.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The day will dawn when one of us shall hearken
 In vain to hear a voice that has grown dumb;
 And morns will fade, moons pale, and shadows darken,
 While sad eyes watch for feet that never come.

One of us two must some time face existence
 Alone with memories that but sharpen pain,
 And these sweet days shall shine back in the distance
 Like dreams of Summer dawns in nights of rain.

One of us two, with tortured heart half broken,
 Shall read long-treasured letters thro' salt tears;
 Shall kiss with anguished lips each cherished token
 That speaks of these love-crowned delicious years.

One of us two shall find all light, all beauty,
 All joy on earth, a tale forever done;
 Shall know henceforth that life means only duty—
 O God! O God! have pity on that one!

THE UNVEILING OF "ISIS UNVEILED."

A LITERARY REVELATION.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Continued.

TO give in detail all the passages in "Isis Unveiled" that are copied from other books, without proper credit, would require in itself a volume of considerable size. Therefore, hereafter I shall, as a rule, only give a few examples in detail of the plagiarisms from each book, followed by a list of the other passages self-appropriated by the author of "Isis," in which will be stated the pages on which the parallel passages are found, in "Isis" and in the books from which they were copied.

ENNEMOSER'S HISTORY OF MAGIC.

One of the books largely utilized in the compilation of "Isis" was "The History of Magic, by Joseph Ennemoser, translated from the German, by William Howitt, 2 vols., London, 1854." A small part of the matter copied in "Isis" from this work is duly credited. The following are samples of the plagiarized portions:

(1.) "The high priest of the Parsis, at Surat, is called Mobed, others derived the word from Megh; Meh-ab signifying something grand and noble. Zoroaster's disciples were called Meghestom, according to Kleuker." ("I. U.," i., xxxiv).

(1.) "The high priest of the Parsees at Surat . . . is called Mobed. Others

derived the word from 'Megh;' Meh-ab signifying something which is great and noble, and Zoroaster's disciples were called Meghestom. (Kleuker)."—("Ennemoser," vol. 1, p. i.)

(2.) "The full views of Paracelsus on the occult properties of the magnet are explained partially in his famous book *Archidaxarum*, in which he describes the wonderful tincture, a medicine extracted from the magnet and called *Magisterium Magnetis*, and partially in the *De Ente Dei* and *De Ente Astrorum*, Lib. I. . . 'Every peasant sees,' said he, 'that a magnet will attract iron, etc., etc.' He demonstrates further that in man lies . . . 'a sidereal force' . . . that emanation from the stars. . . 'The body comes from the elements, the . . . spirit from the stars, etc., etc' . . . Paracelsus . . . says that 'the human body is possessed of primeval stuff.' . . . 'In our dreams,' says Paracelsus, 'we are like the plants, etc., etc.' . . . Van Helmont . . . a disciple of Paracelsus, says much the same. . . The *Magnale Magnum*, the means by which the secret magnetic property 'enables one person to affect another mutually' . . . 'Magnetism,' he says, 'is an unknown property of a heavenly nature, etc., etc.' . . . Van Helmont and Paracelsus agree as to . . . potency

of the will in the state of ecstasy; they say that 'the spirit is everywhere diffused; and the spirit is the medium of magnetism;' that pure primeval magic does not consist in superstitious practices and vain ceremonies. 'It is not the spirits of heaven and of hell which are the masters over physical nature, but 'the soul and spirit of man which are concealed in him as the fire is concealed in the flint.'... 'The stars consist equally of the elements of earthly bodies,' says Cornelius Agrippa, 'and therefore the ideas attract each other, etc., etc.' ("I. U.," i., 167-171.)

(2.) "The celebrated Magisterium Magnetis is a tincture extracted from the magnet. In the fourth book, *Archidoxarum*, he [Paracelsus] boasts of this tincture... *De Ente Dei*... *De Ente astrorum*, lib. i.... 'Every peasant sees that it attracts iron, etc., etc.'... [According to Paracelsus] In man there is a something sidereal, or a life which emanates from the stars.... The body comes from the elements, the spirit from the stars, etc., etc.... Says Paracelsus... the human body is possessed of primeval stuff.... In dreams a man is like the plants, etc., etc.... Van Helmont... his [Paracelsus's] disciple... says... 'The means by which this secret property enables one person to affect another mutually is the *Magnale Magnum*... Magnetism is an unknown property of a heavenly nature, etc., etc.'... Van Helmont says... 'it gives wonderful revelations through certain ecstasies

... Paracelsus says... the spirit is everywhere diffused, and the spirit is the medium of magnetism... in this consists pure primeval magic; not in superstitious practices and vain ceremonies... not the spirits of heaven and of hell, but the spirit of man, which is concealed in him as the fire is concealed in the flint'... Cornelius Agrippa [says], 'The stars consist equally of the elements of earthly bodies, and, therefore, the ideas... attract each other, etc., etc.' ("Ennemoser," ii., pp. 234, 233, 238, 237, 239, 240, 243, 248, 244, 248, 254).

(3.) "Herodotus acknowledges (lib. ii., c. 50) that the Greeks learned... the sacred services of the temple from the Egyptians, and because of that, their principal temples were consecrated to Egyptian divinities. Melampus, the famous healer and soothsayer of Argos, had to use his medicines 'after the manner of the Egyptians,' from whom he had gained his knowledge.... He healed Iphiclus of his impotency.... by the rust of iron, according to the directions of Mantis, his magnetic sleeper... Sprengel... *History of Medicine* (see p. 119).... Diodorus, (lib. i.), says that Isis has deserved immortality, for all nations of the earth bear witness to the power of this goddess to cure diseases by her influence. 'This is proved,' he says, 'not by fable, as among the Greeks, but by authentic facts.' Galen records several remedial means which were preserved in the healing wards of the temples. He mentions

also a universal medicine which in his time was called *Isis* (Galen: 'De Composit. Medec.,' lib. v.)... Orpheus... Pythagoras... owe their philosophy to the same temples... Jablonski proves that the heliocentric system... was known by the priests of Egypt... 'This theory,' he adds, 'Pythagoras took from the Egyptians, who had it from the Brachmans of India.' (Jablonski: Pantheon Ægyptii, ii., Proleg. 10).—"I. U., i., 531, 532).

(3.) "According to... Herodotus (lib. ii., c. 50) the Greeks learned these sacred services of the temple from the Egyptians; for the principal temples were consecrated to Egyptian divinities... [At] Argos, Melampus was... celebrated for... medicine and soothsaying... he used medicines... after the manner of the Egyptians, from whom he also is said to have gained his knowledge... Melampus healed Iphiclus of his impotence by the rust of iron, according to the directions of Mantis... a magnetic sleeper of Melampus... (Sprengel, History of Medicine, i., p. 119)... Diodorus writes (lib. i.)... 'Isis... having become immortal... All nations of the earth bear witness to the power of this goddess in regard to the cure of diseases by her influence... This is proved, not by fable, as among the Greeks, but by authentic facts.'... Galen has recorded several remedial means which were preserved in the temples... In Galen's time a universal medicine was called *Isis*... (Galen. de composit. medic., etc., lib. v)... The

Greek philosophers who had been in Egypt; as Orpheus, Pythagoras, &c. According to them, the motion of the earth round the sun was known to the Egyptian priests. 'This theory,' says Jablonski, 'Pythagoras took from the Egyptians; and it also proceeded from them to the Brahmins of India. (Jabl. Pantheon Ægyptior. iii., prolegom. 10).—"Ennemoser," i., pp. 357, 359, 360, 231, 232, 243, 244, 245, 270.)

I append a list of the rest of the plagiarisms in "*Isis*" from Ennemoser's "*Magic*." In this and future lists of a similar character, the description of each parallel passage will be preceded by a statement of the volume and page of "*Isis*" containing the passage, and be followed by a statement of the volume and page of the work from which it was copied. For example: the first passage in the present list (quotations from Paracelsus) is found on page xxvi, volume i. of "*Isis Unveiled*," and it was copied from "*Ennemoser's Magic*," vol. ii., pp. 234, 235, 238.

In "*Isis Unveiled*," volume I. xxvi, four quotations from Paracelsus, ii., 234, 235, 238; xxxii, quotations from Philostratus and Origenes, i. 210; xxxviii, xxxix, concerning Pythia, from Pantheon. Myths and Aristophanes, i. 371; 23, Schweigger on symbols, ii. 2, 3; 25, Baader on Kabala, i. 7; 26, Jerome on Jews, i. 7; 26, Molitor on Kabala, i. 8, 9; 52, Pfaff, Hufeland, Sprengel, Hemmann, and Molitor on Paracelsus, ii, 240, 230; 57, Van Helmont and Paracelsus on will, ii. 249, 241;

130, Pausanias on mysteries, ii. 33; 163, Odyssey on Hermes, and Lucretius on rings, ii. 45, 25; 164, Paracelsus on himself, ii. 231; 164, Hemmann on Paracelsus, two passages, ii. 230, 232; 179, Paracelsus on sleep, ii. 239, 240; 194, Deleuze on Van Helmont, ii. 242; 207, Naude, Hufeland, and Wirdig on magnetism, etc., ii. 270, 271; 208, 209, Porta and Kircher on Magic, etc., ii. 265-267; 212, Paracelsus on three spirits, ii. 237; 213, two citations from Van Helmont, ii. 252, 244, 245; 215, Kircher on music, and Maxwell on magnetism, ii. 268, 259; 215, 216, eight quotations from Maxwell, ii. 258, 259; 217, David and Abishag, i. 117; 234, Schweigger on the ancients, ii. 18, 19; 243, Schweigger on twins, ii. 23; 265, Amoretti and the Buddhists on precious stones, i. 115; 361, Paracelsus on will and imagination, ii. 240, 241; 374, Convulsionaire crying "that does me good," i. 74, 75; 399, Van Helmont on imagination, ii. 249; 406, 407, Sprengel on Paracelsus, and Goclenius and Van Helmont on salve, ii. 243; 428, Plato on man, i. 401; 429, Aristotle on dreams, i. 131; 430, Aristotle on prophecy, i. 404; 444, Origen on Brahmans, i. 210; 456, 457, Horst on spirits, i. 220; 477, Burial of fakirs, ii. 436-438; 489, Plotinus and the gods, i. 446; 514, Plato on numerals, i. 399.

In "Isis Unveiled," Volume II. 144, Virgil on Metraton, i. 431; 345, Timæus on man, i. 401; 500, Paracelsus on Bible, and Paracelsus the father of magic, ii. 236, 229, 230; 515, names of Herakles, and Lucian

and Bart on Herakles, ii. 67, 66; 592, statements based on Suetonius, Plutarch, Pliny, and Servius, i. 379, 380, 378; 594, Lamprias on souls, i. 408; 597, Empedocles's miracles, i. 402; 597, Paracelsus on ceremonies, ii. 241; 624, Tibullus on bronze, i. 380.

Altogether, there are 107 passages in "Isis" which have been copied from Ennemoser's work, without being credited to the source whence derived.

HOWITT'S HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

Another work plagiarised from in "Isis" is "The History of the Supernatural, by William Howitt, two volumes, Philadelphia, 1863."

(1.) "Abbe Paris was a Jansenist, who died in 1727.... After his decease the most surprising phenomena began to occur at his tomb. The churchyard was crowded from morning till night. Jesuits, exasperated at seeing heretics perform wonders in healing, and other works, got from the magistrates an order to close all access to the tomb of the Abbe.... The wonders lasted for over twenty years. Bishop Douglas, who went to Paris.... in 1749.... and he reports that the miracles were still going on among the Convulsionaires.... The Catholic clergy were forced to admit their reality, but screened themselves.... behind the Devil. Hume, in his *Philosophical Essays*, says: 'There surely never was, etc., etc. (p. 195)' Dr. Middleton, in his *Free Enquiry*, a book which he wrote

...about nineteen years after they had first begun, declares that the evidence of those miracles is fully as strong as that of the wonders recorded of the Apostles.... Carre de Montgeron, a member of parliament and a man who became famous for his connection with the Jansenists, enumerates them carefully in his work. It comprises four thick quarto volumes, of which the first is dedicated to the king, under the title: 'La Verite des Miracles operes par l'Intercession de M. Paris, demontree contre l'Archeveque de Sens. Ouvrage devie au Roi, par M. de Montgeron, Conseiller au Parlement.' The author presents a vast amount of personal and official evidence to the truthfulness of every case.... Montgeron was thrown into the Bastille, but his work was accepted.... To test the force of the blows, Montgeron tried them on the stone wall, against which the girl was leaning.... 'At the twenty-fifth blow,' he writes, 'the stone upon which I struck, which had been shaken by the preceding efforts, suddenly became loose and fell on the other side of the wall, making an aperture more than half a foot in size.'" ("I. U.," i. 372-374).

(1.) "Abbe Paris was a Jansenist, He died in 1728, and miracles were said to be performed at his grave.... The church-yard was crowded from morning till night.... The chief magistrate, probably at the instigation of the Jesuits, who were deeply exasperated at these successes of their rivals, the Jansenists, ordered all access to the tomb to be closed.... Miracles

continued to be performed.... for twenty years; and... more... Bishop Douglas visited Paris in 1749, and was told they were still going on... amongst the Convulsionnaires.... The Jesuits... were compelled to confess that many of them were real, but proceeding from the devil. Hume, in his 'Philosophical Essays' (p. 195) says, 'There surely never was, etc., etc.'... Dr. Middleton, the author of the 'Free Enquiry,' declares that the evidence of these miracles is fully as strong as that of the miracles recorded by the early Fathers of the church.... At the very moment that he wrote his book, ... [they] had then been going on for eighteen years.... Carre de Montgeron... a member of parliament.... The... feud between the Jesuits and Jansenists was raging.... M. de Montgeron says the appearance of the 'Constitution' [a papal bull against the Jansenists] greatly delighted him.... All this he carefully wrote in a thick quarto volume, entitled 'La Verite des Miracles operes par l'Intercession de M. de Paris, demontree contre M. l'Archeveque de Sens. Ouvrage dedie au Roi par M. de Montgeron, Conseiller au Parlement.' This book... continued... in four quarto volumes, and containing a vast collection of official and personal testimonies to the truth of every case.... After an apparently gracious reception of it.... [he] was thrown into the Bastille.... To test the force of the blows, Montgeron tried them against a stone wall. 'At the twenty-fifth blow,' he says, 'the stone

upon which I struck, which had been shaken by the preceding efforts, became loose. . . . it fell on the other side of the wall, and made an aperture more than half a foot in size." ("Howitt," ii. 146, 147, 151, 152, 156, 157, 167, 168).

The following list includes the additional matter in "Isis," borrowed without credit from Howitt's work:

"I. U.," volume I.,—79, So. Hare on Comte's philosophy, Howitt, ii. 274; 125. Quotation from Faust in German and English, ii. 104; 125,

Quotations from John's Gospel, and from Milton, ii. 135, 120; 293, Quotations from Sophocles and Josephus, ii. 187, and i. 188; 319, 320, two citations from Aristotle, i. 333-335; 449, Maimonides and spirit intercourse, ii. 23, 24. "I. U.," vol. II. —16, Plato in Euthyphron, i. 23, 24; 17, Peter the Great and miracles, ii. 45; 73, 74, Luther and the demon, ii. 95; 477, Lactantius on earth's sphericity, ii. 257; and i. 119, French couplet forbidding miracles, ii. 146.

(*To be Continued.*)

"HESSIE."

BY M. G. T.

When do I miss her the most? Sometimes I think in the morn
When the earth seems one great joy at the coming of the dawn,
When I hear the little birds calling each other from rest,
Then I think I miss her the most, and feel that I loved her the best.

But as the day older grows, when round me the others play
So happy and strong and bright, so full of life are they,
Ah, me, how I miss her then, and feel she must surely be
Somewhere in their merry midst, somewhere I cannot see.

But when the long day is over, and tired the others creep
To my arms to be kissed and blessed when their sweet eyes close in sleep,
The sight of her little crib, as empty and lonely it stands,
Brings back so truly to me the touch of her lips and hands.

Ah, then 'tis I long most for her! Then 'tis I saddest miss
The dear little loving mouth I never again can kiss!
And I open my lonely arms and unto my father pray
That through the gates of Spiritland my darling may sometimes stray.

A REVIEWER REVIEWED.

BY MAHLON ROSS.

FRIEND ALLYN: I received the April number of the *GOLDEN WAY*, containing your friendly criticism on that part of my pamphlet which treats of the separate identity, personality and immortality of the organism of the human soul after the death of the human body.

Sickness in my family and pressing business has caused me to delay my reply.

I am sorry you have so mistaken my character as to suppose I was sensitive on the subject treated of in the pamphlet. I am not sensitive, or intolerant towards those who hold opinions different from mine on any subject of general interest. I hold that every person has the same right to hold and advocate opinions different from mine, that I have to hold and advocate opinions different from his. Nor do I wish to subserve or attack any sect or creed further than may be done by fair presentation of truth. I do not hold that spiritualists are in general a people of flimsy intellect and more easily imposed on than an average of mankind, nor did I intend anything of the kind in my pamphlet.

But I do hold that no error has been too absurd to have able and intelligent advocates. The great obstacle to the free course of light and truth is the efforts of mankind to formulate and establish their pet

creeds and theories. And when a creed is settled on, and begins to have a considerable following, its votaries shut the door against all truth and reason except such as they think harmonize with their creed. And Spiritualists, in common with all other sects, are liable to fall into the same error. If I have embraced an error, he who shows me the truth is my friend. You make a distinction between immortality and a future life. And you do not claim immortality, but you do claim a future life after the death of the body. In taking that position, you virtually admit my theory.

If the future life is not eternal it must be mortal, and if mortal, the elements and forces which composed the entitive personal organism being indestructible, must of necessity return to the great aggregate from whence they came before the organization of the body and soul of the man; which is my theory.

Your illustration of the caterpillar which develops into a butterfly, is not analogous. The caterpillar is only one stage of the organization of a butterfly; as the tadpole is one stage of the organization of a frog. You admit that in general that which had a beginning must have an end, and that organizations perish, but you say that the human soul is an exception to this general rule.

How do you know that the human soul is an exception? Remember, Brother Allyn, that on the question of a future life and of the human soul being an exception to the general rule, you hold the affirmative; and according to the rules of evidence and decision, if you fail to establish your point by proof, the verdict must be against you.

Now what proof do you or any Spiritualist offer to establish that which you affirm to be true?

None whatever, except the mysterious phenomena which are manifested in the presence of and through and by the psychic and magnetic influence of men and women living in their natural bodies.

Now I admit these phenomena, but I deny that they furnish any evidence that they emanate from the spirits of the dead, or that they furnish any evidence that the soul of man retains its entitive personality and enters into a future life, after the death of the body.

But these phenomena do furnish to me strong and conclusive evidence of powerful psychological influence in the human organism.

If these phenomena were from spirits who have entered on a future life, why is it necessary to go to a medium or person of extraordinary psychological power to have them produced? And why is it that under certain conditions of magnetic or electric currents, or from some other cause, these phenomena cannot be produced? It is plain to me, that the true answer to these ques-

tions is that it is because these phenomena are caused by the psychological force which dwells in the living body of man, and not from the spirits of those whose material bodies are dead.

And even the phenomena of writing on the inner and hidden surface of inclosed and sealed slates, furnishes no evidence that the writing is done by disembodied spirits.

We know that a piece of slate-pencil is a material substance having gravity, length, breadth, thickness and impenetrability. We know also that many of the immaterial substances and forces, such as light, heat, electricity, magnetism and sound, do act on material, and in many cases produce marvelous results. We also know that psychology and intelligence are powerful forces, which do emanate from the bodies and souls of living men and women. And it is far more reasonable to suppose that the force and intelligence which wrote the messages between the inclosed slates was done by the psychic power of the living spirits and bodies of the mediums and others present, than to suppose it was done by a spirit which had cast off its body, especially when there is no proof in nature that an entitive personal organized spirit has existed or even can exist except in connection with and in an organized living material body.

As for the materialization of spirits (if any such phenomena has ever taken place) it is attributive to

the same forces as those of slate writing.

On this subject I think Major Griffith, a great Spiritualist, when interviewed on the subject of "Materialized Spirits" hit it about right when he said: "They are tangible forms, and are made up from particles attracted or abstracted from the medium, and in some degree from the audience," but I think it takes on the form which is most congenial to the wish of the medium, or some leading spirit in the audience."

You say, "On the face of things it would appear that the purpose of all inferior organizations is to elaborate the human spirit through this bodily life, to fit it for a spiritual existence which is far better. Without this purpose the universe is a miserable failure."

That sentiment is common in man, and was born of man's self-conceit and love of life and dread of annihilation. I suppose if a buffalo were to have any reflections on that subject, he would come to the conclusion that all other organizations were for the purpose of elaborating the buffalo, and that if his entitive existence must end, the universe is a miserable failure. My theory is that life force and intellectual force, as well as many other immaterial forces and imponderable substances, are eternal and pervade the universe, and that organizations are mortal and must perish. But evolution goes on, and may yet develop higher types of organization. In fact it seems to me that if man, with all his

imperfections and miseries, is the *acme* of creation and evolution, the universe is a miserable failure.

To hold that man is the *acme* of creation and evolution is as absurd as church theology, which teaches that all wisdom, truth and knowledge pertaining to man's happiness and well-being is embraced in the Bible, the Koran or book of Mormon.

You might as well say that Robert Fulton's first steamboat was a failure, because it perished. Or that when a man builds a house his work is a miserable failure, because in time his house must perish and perhaps a better house take its place.

I know that you believe in evolution, and that man is a grand development, by evolution, of the animal kingdom. Now please tell me at what point or stage of man's development did he become endowed of this power of entering upon a future and better life? And tell me whether or not all races, classes and conditions of mankind have yet attained to that high endowment or not.

You must have some plausible theory on this point. If you have none, your theory is very incomplete.

Your illustrations of the necessity of going to a medium to receive communications from spirits, by comparing it to employing a lawyer to manage a suit, or going to a telegraph operator to send a message, are better illustrations of my position than of yours.

If the client could manage his case with the same skill and ability that the lawyer could, he would have no

use for a lawyer. Nor would I have to go to a telegraph operator to send a message to Chicago, if I were in possession of a line of communication and the necessary battery and machinery, and was skilled in manipulating the key. So you see that electricity will act for one man the same as for another, when the conditions are similar.

So will the law governing courts. But with the supposed spirit communications it is different. The phenomena will not appear except in presence of a medium, however similar the conditions are otherwise. Nor is mediumship an art that may be taught and learned as a boy may learn to manipulate the key of a telegraph instrument.

If spirits out of the body retain their individuality, intelligence, sense and memory after leaving the body, and have power to communicate, it must be in obedience and in harmony with some law of nature, which like all known laws of nature, must act universally and without unjust discriminations.

And the necessity of going to a medium is conclusive evidence that the psychic power or magnetic force which produces the phenomena emanates from the body and soul of the medium, and not from spirits out of the body.

I am not wholly wrong in saying

on page nine of this pamphlet that the supposed spirit communications are under cover and in darkness. At least I have not witnessed nor heard of any that was not or at least partially so. Even the much prized writing between inclosed and sealed slates, although done at noonday, is under cover and in darkness. If the spirits of the dead possessed the power to write on slates, they could write on a single slate with the pencil in plain view, as well as when the pencil is hidden between two slates.

And if spirits were capable of taking on materialized forms, the better the light the plainer their material forms would appear.

I did not aim to misrepresent Spiritualism nor its forms or modes of proving its doctrines. But I did in my pamphlet give them a little more notice than I did any other sect: because I consider they are the only sect that has attempted any tangible proof of the future life of man. Yet I feel confident that if it were not for the desire of mankind to find some evidence of a future and higher entitive existence, the phenomena called spirit communications would not be received as evidence of a personal future life. But man is always ready and anxious to interpret every mysterious phenomenon in a way that will prove that for which he desires proof.

Virden, Ill., May 18, 1891.

ALONE, AND YET, NOT ALONE.

BY MRS. F. E. ROGERS.

In silence and alone I sit,
While *forms* pass to and fro,—
At my request the dear ones come,
And the friends of long ago.

A gentle touch on cheek and brow,
Is a signal they gave to me,
Ere they passed to the shores of the better land
Across life's mystic sea.

They knew, ere they crossed to the brighter shore,
Of the glorious spirit birth,
And of the "Rainbow Bridge" that spanned
The arch 'twixt heaven and earth,

They knew that on the wings of love
They could return, and guide
The lonely watcher on earth's shore
Safe over time and tide,

And be like guiding stars of light,
When earth seemed dark and drear,
And, like the morning's rosy beams,
Chase every doubt and fear.

Truly, they've kept the pledge of love,
Even in life's darkest hours
Lifted the veil,—mine eyes beheld
My pathway strewn with flowers.

Not that alone, but gems of thought
Came like the silent dew,
And life's grand mission was revealed
To my enraptured view.

The change called death makes not a pause,
Between that life and this,
And our beloved friends return
To tell us of their bliss

They join me in my simple songs,
In the quiet twilight hour,
And waft sweet strains of melody
With wondrous, soothing power.

They say, in yon bright sunny clime,
"They know as they are known,"
That *justice* reigns supremely there,
And *love* will claim its own.

And thus we labor, hand in hand,
And bless the unseen powers,
That reunite the spirit realm,
With this frail life of ours.

But, grander still is it to know
That we shall ever be
In spirit-life, the blessed heirs
Of immortality.

A HOME FOR MEDIUMS.

I, Eliza Ann Hammatt, of San Diego County, State of California, desiring to promote the public welfare by founding and endowing and having maintained a home for the class of persons known as mediums, and also furnishing educational facilities for the children of mediums and others under the stipulations, conditions, rules and regulations hereinafter provided to that end and purpose, hereby grant, bargain, sell and convey unto Helen C. Bushyhead of San Diego County, California; E. M. Keys and May Hess Fanning, of Santa Clara County, California; Nellie Temple Taylor of San Bernardino County, State of California; D. Edson Smith of Orange County, State of California; J. R. Nickless, M. D., and W. Capps, M. D., both of Santa Cruz County, State of California, Trustees, and to their successors forever, all and singular those certain tracts, pieces and parcels of land situated in said San Diego County described as follows: S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of the S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 36, township 11, south range 5 west and the W. $\frac{1}{2}$ of the N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ and W. $\frac{1}{2}$ of S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 23 township 13, south of range 4, west S. B. M., together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining, with the rents, issues and profits thereof.

That said property shall constitute the foundation and maintenance of

the Home, the furnishing of educational facilities hereby founded and endowed unto the uses and purposes herein mentioned.

First. Its primary object is that of a home for the class named who have no means, or only a moderate amount of means, at their command for their care, custody and support; also that of an educational institution for the children of the persons hereinafter mentioned.

The Home is designed for the first named persons that they may avoid incarceration in asylums for the so-called insane, and may receive that care and treatment best calculated to restore health to body and mind; and for the second named, to qualify them in such educational departments as may be created, for personal success and direct usefulness in life.

To secure the desired results to all concerned, I direct that persons be admitted to the Home in the following order:

Persons who are called by the Spiritualistic Fraternity "obsessed," or in the so-insane state of mediumship. This class of persons shall have the preference over all others in the matter of admission to the Home, and none others shall be admitted until all applicants of this class are accommodated; and all such who are without means themselves, and no relatives or friends who are able or willing to pay their expenses, shall

be admitted free so long as funds will permit.

Orphans of those known to have been or may be proven to have been Spiritualists or Mediums, are to be admitted and educated, including the faith of Spiritualism, until 21 years of age; after the age of 10 years they shall be taught all work required in the Home and after 15 years old shall become systematic workers in the institution, but in no degree to injure healthful physical and mental development or retard intellectual culture.

The children of Spiritualists may be admitted to the school for the reasonable tuition and board, on terms to be fixed by the Trustees, provided and whenever such can be admitted without crowding the orphan class and inmates mentioned.

The third class shall be aged and enfeebled Mediums.

When opportunity presents and means permit on terms prescribed by the Trustees, sick and worn out Mediums shall be admitted temporarily for rest, treatment and care.

Provided, however, that any of my own children shall be admitted subject to the rules and regulations of the institution, at any time, and when either may desire.

The first meeting of the Trustees is appointed to be held in San Francisco, California, on the 13th day of October, 1891, or as soon thereafter as practicable, to transact the usual business. It is provided that the rules and regulations so to be made by the Trustees among other things,

shall set aside one acre of the ground on which to build a cremating furnace, retort, and necessary buildings, etc., for the purpose of incineration; but no person shall be cremated, unless by his or her request, or the consent of friends or relatives. In relation to property hereby conveyed, and such other property as may be conveyed or devised to said Trustees, the Grantor claims the right to perform all the duties, and exercise all the power and privileges that by the terms of this grant are vested to the Trustees therein named, the same to devolve upon them after decease of Grantor, and their successors forever.

The Grantor further reserves to herself, during life, the right of absolute dominion over the personal property which she now gives or may hereafter give to said Trustees or their successors, and over the rents, issues and profits thereof. But this reservation does not include the right or power to sell or incumber any of the real property granted. Neither the Trustees herein named, nor their successors, shall have power to sell or convey any of the real property hereinbefore described and granted, except certain designated sections herein named.

Also, there was placed on record previous to the recording of the foregoing Trust Deed, a Quit Claim Deed from the heirs at law of said Eliza Ann Hammatt, thus leaving this estate free from any danger of litigation after her death. The trust deed was recorded August 7th, 1890.

The property above described com-

prises 160 acres of land for the Home, on which there are improvements worth \$1,000 and 40 acres lying elsewhere for sale for the Home. This property is given for the use of mediums throughout the United States and is worth \$10,000, but it can not be used until sufficient means

has been contributed to further improve the property and construct the necessary buildings. All contributions and correspondence may be sent and addressed to Mrs. E. A. Hammatt, Encinitas, San Diego Co., California.

MARRIAGE CHIMES.

Dedicated to a young Couple in Oakland, Cal.

BY MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

I.

A prophecy is on the earth;
Spring-time buds and blooming flowers
All 'waken unto joyous birth,
For in all her perfumed bowers
Flower bells are chiming.

II.

A prophecy is in the air;
Southern breezes whispering low,
Incense laden and most rare,
All with rapture overflow;
Fairy-bells are chiming.

III.

A prophecy is on the sea;
Spring-tides singing up the sands,
Weaving a sweet monody,
Of the joy of sunny lands;
Pearly bells are chiming.

IV.

A prophecy is in the sky;
Stars that blossom out in space;
Sun and moon to testify
To the wondrous, heavenly grace;
Starry bells are chiming.

V.

A prophecy is in each soul;
Somewhere, sometime—(whispering low)
Love is life's appointed goal,
Every heart its own shall know;
Hope bells softly chiming.

VI.

Ye have found the prophecy;
Hope's fulfillment now is here.
Love that is must ever be;
Love's spring hath no waning year;
Marriage bells are chiming.

VII.

Chime, ye flower-bells, soft and sweet;
Chime, ye fairy bells of air;
Chime, ye pearl bells from the sea;
Chime, ye star and sun bells fair;
Joy bells now are chiming.

Rogers Park, Ill. April, 1891.

UTOPIA, THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL.

BY DR. JOHN ALLYN.

OWEN'S COMMUNITY.

IN 1828 Robert Owen bought the community property at New Harmony, Indiana, of the Rappites for \$150,000. As this was provided with buildings ready for community life it was much less than its value, as the soil was very rich. The Rappites had suffered from malaria and wished to establish themselves near the Ohio river below Pittsburg, though cultivation and drainage would have relieved them from malaria. For this princely estate and improvements they realized but seven dollars an acre.

Under these favorable auspices Robert Owen undertook to establish a community to carry out his peculiar ideas of social life. He was a materialist, and had such unbounded confidence in his ideas that he was a zealous propagandist. He held a discussion on this subject and the being of a God, with Origen Bachelor at Cincinnati, which was published in a book of about six hundred pages. His community scheme was a failure, and did not last but a few years. This failure presents strong evidence that people cannot be held in communal life without strong bonds of religious life. Religious principles must be held and practiced with sincerity. I have been informed that Mr. Owen was converted to Spirit-

ualism before he died, or at least attained to a comforting hope of a future life. His son, Robert Dale Owen, was a noted Spiritualist and wrote two large volumes on the subject, as well as magazine articles.

RAPPITES.

On the line of the railroad leading from Wellsville to Pittsburg, and overlooking the Ohio river, is the beautiful site of Economy or the community sometimes called Rappites, from their founder George Rapp.

This community was founded by German immigrants, brought out by Rapp, a man of strong common sense, excellent business capacity, and also a religious enthusiast; a combination not often found. Rapp constantly preached to his people, and it was through the religious sentiment that they maintained their struggles and triumphed over great difficulties. Rapp was the son of a small farmer in Wurtemberg. His education was very limited, but at the age of twenty-five he began to preach, and by his eloquence and force of character soon attracted a large congregation of hearers. He was denounced by the clergy as a Separatist. Their persecutions drove them to emigrate to America where they knew they could enjoy religious freedom. In 1804 three hundred

landed at Baltimore, and soon after three hundred more at Philadelphia. They were mostly peasants and mechanics, a few were well to do. Rapp with able-bodied workers proceeded to the land he had bought above Pittsburg, and built houses for the accommodation of these immigrants. Here the community was founded in 1805. Rapp taught that they should, as far as possible, produce all they consumed on their own land. He taught that they should not seek for wealth, but live a religious life as the coming of the Lord was near. In 1807 John Rapp married. In 1809 a deep religious fervor pervaded the community and they voluntarily adopted the doctrine and practice of celibacy. Father Rapp was slow to preach this doctrine, which, strange to relate, begun with the younger members. But after a while he preached that the unmarried was a higher and holier state than the married. He, and his son John set the example and after that there were no more marriages, and no more children born. A member wrote in 1862: "Convinced of the truth and holiness of our purpose, we voluntarily and unanimously adopted celibacy, altogether from religious motives, in order to withdraw our love entirely from the lusts of the flesh; which, with the help of God and much prayer and spiritual warfare, we have succeeded well in doing now for fifty years." Nordhoff says, I asked, "Do you believe the celibate life to be healthful?" The reply was, "decidedly so; almost

all our people have lived to a hale old age. Father Rapp himself lived to nearly ninety." The site proved to be badly chosen and in 1814 the society determined to seek a more desirable location. For this purpose they purchased 30,000 acres of fertile land in the Wabash valley in Indiana. In June one hundred persons proceeded to prepare buildings for the remainder. In the summer of 1815 the community was in their new home, having sold six thousand acres, with all the improvements, for \$100,000. This was no doubt much less than the real value of the property. It was impossible to sell so large an estate at once for its full value.

Rapp was their preacher and religious teacher and he elaborated their religious system which bears a striking resemblance to that of the Shakers, though wrought out entirely independent of it. Their doctrine of the dual nature of God was probably an after thought adopted to get theological support for a predetermined practice. They hold:

1. That God is dual, both male and female.
2. That Adam was originally the same, but
3. He was discontent and fell, and God separated from his body the female and gave him his desire.
4. From this they declare that the celibate state is higher than the married state.
5. They hold that the coming of Christ and the renovation of the world are near at hand.
6. They hold that Jesus taught

and commended a community of goods, and refer to the example of the early Christians.

7. They believe in the ultimate redemption and salvation of mankind; but hold that only those that lead a celibate life, and otherwise conform to the commands of Jesus, will come at once into the bright and glorious company of Christ and his companions; others will undergo a probation for purification.

They all eat meat, and but a few abstain from pork. They rise between five and six, eat a light breakfast between six and seven, have a lunch at nine, dinner at twelve, an afternoon lunch, and wine or cider, supper between six and seven and go to bed by nine. Each household consists of men and women to the number of four to eight; usually men and women are in equal numbers.

Father Rapp taught them to love music and flowers. Nearly all can read music, and there are few but can play on some instrument. As they study plainness of dress they use no jewelry.

Father Rapp's house contains a fine copy of West's *Healing the Sick*.

Each family in Harmony cooks for itself. But they have a general bakery where each family carries their bread to be baked. Milk also is brought to the houses, and butter is made from what is not used as milk.

Rapp died at ninety and preached twice a few Sundays before his death, and most of their members lived to be over seventy.

In 1874 they were worth from two

to three millions of dollars. They owned coal lands, oil wells, saw mills, and a cutlery shop, the largest in the United States.

There were over seven hundred until a secession of two hundred under Count de Leon in 1831, after that about five hundred.

As to the progress of the society since 1874 my sources of information are meager, but from what I can gather they have greatly increased in wealth and decreased in numbers. Unlike the Shakers they have made little effort to keep up their numbers.

In 1823, as before stated, they sold their property on the Wabash and bought the land at Economy. Since then they have prospered greatly so far as achieving independence, comfort and wealth are concerned. And in 1874 the members of the society were reduced to 110 persons, mostly aged and none under forty.

I should not omit to mention that they systematically assisted the poor by charity. They had a room with twenty beds which passing tramps could occupy, and all were treated to all the coffee and bread they could eat.

We may give a few conjectures as to the causes of their decrease in numbers while they were accumulating wealth so rapidly.

1. The great advance in science and the liberalization of Christianity rendered it difficult for recruits to subscribe to their creed. Their ascetic mode of life was not inviting to those who could advance themselves by their own energies.

During this time by oil wells, ad-

vance in coal lands and many other ways there has been great opportunities to advance private fortunes.

They have not made special efforts to gain recruits: they received applicants but not without thorough proof of their fitness for their mode of life.

The prospects now are that they will soon cease to exist as a society and their millions divided among a few survivors.

All fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
When wealth accumulates, and men decay.

ZOAR.

Few are aware how much we are indebted to religious persecutions for settling the western wilderness with a sturdy people who made the wilderness fruitful. Near the line of the railroad leading from Cleveland to Pittsburg is the thriving, though quaint town of Zoar. This had its origin in these persecutions. Early in the century Jacob Bemler, at Wurtemberg, preached with great fervor doctrines that led a congregation to separate themselves from the established church. After enduring persecutions for ten years they were assisted by some English Quakers to emigrate to America where they could enjoy religious liberty. At Philadelphia other Quakers helped them to the extent of \$18 per capita. This enabled them to purchase 6000 acres of rich land in Ohio, including a water power, and also to go to their land. Here in 1817 they set to work industriously to improve their land and build homes as best they could.

If means ran short some took service with the neighboring farmers to get provisions. At this time each family had an abundance of land as they had not thought of community life.

Their land was purchased on credit, and as there were some old and feeble people, and many poor, they, after due discussion, became convinced they could not succeed without forming a community of interests. In April, 1819, articles of agreement to form a community of goods were signed. From this time they began to prosper. At first they prohibited marriage, but about 1830 the rule was broken and marriage was permitted.

In 1874 they had three hundred members and their property was worth more than a million dollars.

They owned 7000 acres of fertile land, and some in Iowa besides. They have a valuable water power. They have established a woolen mill, a retail store, and a hotel which receives summer visitors. They employ about fifty persons not members of the community.

Jacob Bemler was their preacher as well as leader in business matters. A volume of his discourses was published, and after his death one of these was read at their Sunday meetings. The following is an abbreviation of their creed:

1. We believe in the trinity of God.

4. The Holy Scriptures as the measures and guide of our lives.

5. All ceremonies are banished from among us, and we declare them

useless and injurious; and this is the chief cause of separation.

9. All intercourse of the sexes, except what is necessary to the perpetuation of the species, we hold to be sinful, and contrary to the order and command of God. Complete virginity, or entire cessation of sexual commerce, is more commendable than marriage.

Bemler taught that marriage was not fatal to community life, but gave more trouble. No one was allowed to marry outside the community, as experience showed them that those not trained to their way of life would not be content.

Much of their preaching was of a practical character, enjoining industry, contentment and sobriety. They insisted that the supreme end of life was to prepare the spirit for a better life after death. Nor was this empty talk like a Greek sophist haranguing a crowd in the market place; but given and received in sober earnest. Nordhoff thinks that rude and uninviting as the life was in Zoar, it was more decent, and a step higher in moral cultivation than among the people of the surrounding country. Economy as a town compared favorably with Zoar. As an item illustrating this it had brick sidewalks,

while Zoar had only those of common earth.

In their religious observances they studiously avoid forms. They have their meetings on Sunday. In the morning one of Bemler's discourses is read by one of the trustees. In the evening they meet to sing and hear reading from some work that interests them. They do not practice audible prayer. The boys meet occasionally to practice music as they have a band. The church has an organ, and several of the houses have pianos. They do not allow dancing. In 1875 they had lost one-half of their numbers.

The communists do not work as hard as others. The Shakers count three men of the world equal to five Shakers as workers. I believe this severe work under our competitive system begets the desire for stimulants. The Shakers do not use stimulants. The German communists use only wine and beer in moderation with their meals. The severe labor also causes a large part of the sickness with the people, and shortens life not less than ten years on an average. Unsanitary diet and house-keeping also has much to do in this direction.

JOHN B. FAYETTE.

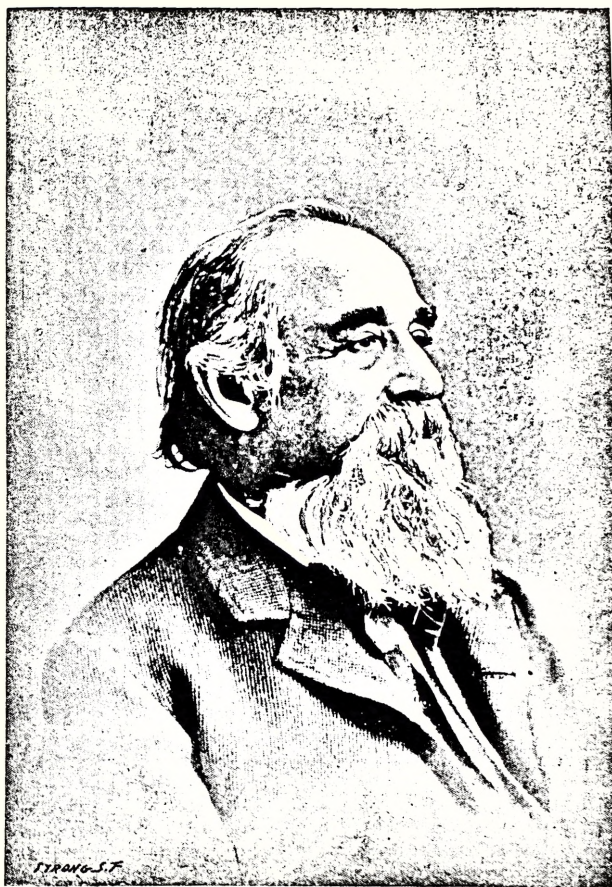
A brief sketch of experience in this my present incarnation.

AT the time of what was called the Rochester knockings, I was a member of the Baptist Church in Oswego, and was trying to live a Christian life, although ill at ease, and ever asking questions, that were unanswered by the minister, except that they were God's mysteries and that I had no business to meddle with them. This I could not see, as I believed that God had no mysteries. I was ever reaching out and questioning all things at the time the Rochester manifestations attracted my attention, and I resolved to investigate. An opportunity soon appeared and with a sister of the same church we had sittings for table tipping. At our first sitting the table moved, and I supposed she moved it, and in answer to her remark "you see the table moves," I said, "Yes, you moved it." This she denied, and said the table would move under my hands, and requested me to satisfy myself of the fact.

I immediately placed my hands lightly on the table, and it rose up with force that fairly startled me, as it seemed endowed with life. I fully satisfied myself that the table would move without physical force, and that it could and would answer questions by movement of the table, rising three times for yes, once for no, and twice for an uncertainty. I was impressed to write an alphabet, and sit-

ting at a stand with paper and pencil I would trace the alphabet down from A to Z, the stand raising to certain letters which I wrote on the paper until I have filled sheets of paper with letters, and the stand ceases moving. I would endeavor to make sense of the simple letters I had written. I was astonished at the result of my first sitting, as the communication read, "Follow the directions that we will give you from time to time and we will satisfy your sceptical nature that we live and can manifest our presence to you." I immediately exclaimed (mentally), I am seeking for truth and will follow any and all reasonable directions that may be given. At this the stand fairly jumped up and down. I was impressed to use the alphabet, and this was given: "We require nothing of you but what your reason will endorse." Then and there I promised to follow any and all directions that might be given.

I was first directed to sit for physical manifestations with a promise that they would play upon musical instruments and talk in audible voices, and that I should walk and talk with them face to face, which has been literally fulfilled. My departed loved ones came to me and I was as happy a man as lived; the problem of life had to me been solved. I had received a grand demonst



JOHN B. FAYETTE.

truth that I did not desire to hide, but proclaimed it at suitable times. The church said I had a devil—was demented—and the good deacon in praying for me said, "Fayette has brought the devil to Oswego." The church turned me out with many others. The only real favor they ever conferred upon me. The finger of scorn and contempt was ever pointed at me. I lost my position as clerk in a store whereby I earned the means to support my family. I was turned out into the cold world without a dollar, but I enjoyed the loving presence of the angels. At this time a spirit came to me and said, "There is other work for you to do." I told him, "I did not wish to do any other work as I was satisfied and happy." He said, "You do not reason wisely; we want to paint the spirit world through you; we want you to sit for drawing. Sit one half hour at 9 o'clock in the morning, and one-half hour at 9 o'clock in the evening.

The idea of painting the spirit world pleased me and I commenced sitting for drawing. I sat punctually at the stated times for six long weeks without any result. At the end of six weeks, I received a small pencil sketch of a landscape. After this at each sitting I sketched numerous busts of men, women and children, and during my half hour I think I could draw more portraits than a half dozen artists could have drawn in the same time. I finally made a sketch of a lady sitting in an old-fashioned arm-chair sewing on the

upper of a shoe. I was then told to get pallet, pencils and canvas, and paint the portrait. After it was finished I was told to send it to J. N. Wood, West Killingly, Conn. I boxed it and sent as directed, not knowing that such a man lived. In a few days I received a letter from J. N. Wood, stating that the portrait was received and fully recognized by her father and mother and all her schoolmates, and by myself as my dear wife, Mary. You will hear from her father soon. I finally received a letter from the father stating that "this portrait was a correct likeness of our daughter," and said, "The old arm-chair is very familiar, and the shoe is the same pattern on which she worked, as she did bind shoes." Mary's portrait was too much for her father's theology.

For fifteen or sixteen years I painted night and day for all who wrote to me for likenesses of departed loved ones. Many tender, loving mothers who had laid their darlings away mourned their great loss, as they could get no consolation from the church to which they belonged. They applied to the angels for hope and consolation, and now never turned away in sorrow and sadness, but with joy and gladness received correct likenesses of their darling loved ones with the peculiarities of features and dress fully portrayed. From many such mothers have I received their soul thanks and heart-felt acknowledgments of the life-like correctness of

those portraits, of many of which full accounts have been published in the various papers in our land. Evidence of this kind I have masses. For

the past ten or fifteen years my time has been devoted to the interests of the angel world.

J. B. FAYETTE.

Owego, New York.

GETHSEMANE.

BY STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

There is no life however fair
But shadows fall across the way,
And then the soul must bow it there,
In lone Gethsemane to pray.

Like Him whose life a pathway made,
The grandest man the world has known,
Each soul must pass within its shade
To wrestle there alone—alone.

We know not why the sweetest strain
Is woven still of discords deep,
Nor why soul growth, begun in pain,
Is watered by the tears we weep.

We know not why the way of life
Leads o'er the rugged mountain trail;
When we would shun the toil and strife,
And loiter thro' the sunlit vale.

But this we know: it is the plan
Of love, unerring and divine;
Who suffers best is noblest man—
Round him the soul's true laurels twine.

He who can turn each dread ordeal
Into a wreath of blossoms fair,
Has gained a wealth more true and real
Than crown of king or jewels rare.

And never yet a mind has left
Its impress on the passing age,
Which hath not been of hopes bereft
And turned with tears life's darkest page.

The soul's true strength, the might of God,
Which calmly meets the tempest's shock
Springs not, like daisies, from the sod,
But like the oak roots deep in rock.

No inspiration, grand and strong,
No deeper tones the spirit hears—
No inward vision may belong
To eyes unwashed by burning tears.

No genius fine the world has known,
Who hath not wrought with aching brain
And all his grandest works have grown
Thro' great heart throes of grief and pain.

From altars where true hearts have bled,
And brows been pierced with crowns of
thorn,
A shining pathway oft hath led—
The grand and Godlike act been born.

From lowest depths of anguish deep
The soul of man oft mounts on high,
The burning word or thought may leap
Like lightning flash athwart the sky.

And then the careless stand at gaze
And chatter shrill of that they see—
What know they of the thorny ways
Which lead thro' dark Gethsemane?

Gethsemane! O garden dark!
Thro' thee the paths of life still wind,
The thorns and nails still leave their mark
On those of largest heart and mind.

THE SUN ANGEL ORDER OF LIGHT.

To the Dear One on Earth, Greeting :

FROM the halls of light come I unto you, and in coming earthward I find the avenues through which we come are crowded with those who would hinder if they could our coming.

Thus much will I say by way of introducing myself to you, and through you to the earth expression of our Sacred Order, which is sending out the rays of light from the sun center to earth's receptive ones. Few are those who have yet climbed the mount, to where the air is clear and pure, where our voice may be heard; leaving the mists of the vales, which yet are crowded with the fatherless children, some peering in the fogs for light to guide them into the tide that leads to the father's house. To all such we hold out a light which must reflect itself from one center, for therein are the rays concentrated, from which they radiate far and near into the world of matter, if perchance some befogged pilgrim will receive as guiding star the light that thus reaches them. From near the mountain top, where stand the bright immortals comes to those in the vales tones of warning, mingled with those of cheer, for where you tread are enemies of truth, are those that, singing the notes of the siren falsehood in your ears, will if possible divert your feet from the royal path that is paved with wis-

dom, and which your feet, as theirs, must find and tread, ere the Father's house be reached. Foes to truth, with semblances thereof in neatly bound volumes, profusely illustrated and made attractive to the eye, and musical to the sense, through the power they hold over the undeveloped conditions of human nature, holding before the untutored vision bright pictures, and in the ear pour promises of fulfillment without stint or measure. Well they know the unguarded avenues, well know the weak places in the soul fortress and skillfully bring all their power of destruction thereto, scaling even the walls and bringing the engines of war into close proximity thereto, until they have entered the gates either by force of arms, or with the siren's subtle voice lulling to sleep on the ramparts. The warning voice of angels can only reach you through the power of harmony, therefore we call for harmonious blending of soul forces, through which we are able to make ourselves understood by the multitude.

To-day there exists in the earth expression of the Heaven-born Order of Light a power sufficient to catch and radiate the light of its truths far and near. We rejoice to see the band of noble workers on the earth plane of existence; few in number it must of necessity be, for but few stand on the

hill-tops of progressive attainments; but there is in the few a power little understood by the many, to which we from the councils held in the halls of light can and do attach ourselves, spite of opposing force which will weaken and fade away. To the strong and true bring I words of cheer and comfort. Your path has been rough and thorny, but the light shines brighter in the near future for you. Your work has been given to unappreciative ones, and some of your band who could be but illy spared, have found the evergreen shores of life eternal, and are now entered upon their more exalted plane of work, but, dear ones, they are not far from you. Oft do your ears catch the sound as they are turned in listening toward the hills of morn, of their voices, attuned to the harmony of love. They lighted ever the pathways below, and now are the beckoning lights to the better land, in which they walk to-day, bright, glorified ones of your own homes. Glad they were with you in work on earth, and glad to be with you in their risen condition, and help you as only immortals can.

Such have received their welcome home,
And wear to-day their robe and crown.

And such ever send words of love and cheer to the lonely ones left there, assuring them of their constant watchfulness, of their continued love and help in all the work future days may hold. To the abiding workers come I with promises that only wait their time of fulfillment, for unto pa-

tient ones, who will endure the heat of noon-time work, comes ever the cool rest-time of evening, made doubly sweet and restful, because of the toiling of the noonday. In the future that is not afar off comes the sweet lullabys of mother reunion mingled with the anthem of praise continually being sung in the Father's house.

Other workers will eventually fill your places who will rise up and call you blessed, for thus clearing the underbrush from their way; and the seed you have sown will spring up in many hearts and grow in beauty which will gladden your eyes, and the harvest therefrom you will witness with great rejoicing in the uncounted years of the great future.

As such workers of the past and present I greet you, and bid you God speed. And while you yet stay in the valley of your incarnation, will with the hosts who surround you ever bring the benediction of the All Father, who is immortal and blessed forever. The lines will be cast in pleasant places, for those who surround themselves with an atmosphere of love and harmony with all that is high and holy, shall receive full baptism from the highest and holiest, while yet they tarry in the vale of tears. Forgetting not that we work for the upbuilding of all, we would remember those of the Father children who, because of conditions surrounding them have been held back from climbing the mount progression. We would send through the mists that it may reach their ears

the bugle call to arms. All that is in any way a barrier to your progression; all that in any way hinders in receiving the truths from the high and holy ones must be overcome. Here is your battle field, where spirit must come off conqueror over every enemy; over all that binds it to matter, and be able to take strong steps of progress, unfettered by the lesser good, that not only binds, but if allowed rein leads deeper and deeper into the fogs that as yet rise from the swamp lands of undevelopment, with which the earth still abounds. As when a vessel becomes surrounded by fogs, and the mariners confused thereby, the fog bell sends out its notes of warning which must be heard, to be understood, so we of the better land send our tones of warning, that all may be reading from the book of wisdom, coming lessons therefrom most needful to each and every one. Saidie would guide each child she loves into the harbor of peace, landing them safely at home. She would see none shipwrecked on the sands of error, or misled, wandering in the darkness into other paths, that lead farther from home. Therefore she calls upon each to look into the depths of their own natures, and see if therein is to be found the stubble of selfishness, which should be gathered and burned by the fires of brotherly love. Angels from courts celestial will watch with gladness the consuming flames, and will scatter the ashes to the four winds of the universe, where never again will there be possibility of resurrection.

Here is a battle ground of the soul; see to it that all enemies are conquered, are driven from the citadel, or made subservient to the will that should be master there, and at last the conqueror will march triumphantly home.

Leave the battle grounds, Oh children,
Where the foe is strong and great,
Fight the lesser foes of freedom
That within the breast is found.

War not each with one another,
War alone with inner sins.
Let the battle ground be vacant
Where your brother stands alone.

Look within where war burns fiercest,
Which by cruel passions' made,
Leave the warring, jostling, pushing,
War with self and conquer too.

Make that battle ground for freedom
Ring with shot, and shell, and steel.
Till all conquered—self retreating,
You stand forth triumphant, free!

ORIENTAL.

J. B. Fayette, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels Order of Light.

May 20, 1891.

SUBJECT AND OBJECT.

[From a member of the Order.]

"The first shall be last and the last first."

"Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good and true."

The future rests on the eternal. There is nothing behind, nothing older than the eternal; therefore it is the first, and the foundation of all— if pre-existence means anything.

Again, the durability of the eternal means the "survival of the fittest" which masters and outlives all change; therefore the last, as the

fittest, can not be annihilated by change, hence it is eternal. The first and last, then, differ only in name, or in alternate periods of rest and activity.

What is the eternal? It is the natural, the uncreated, the uncaused, the non-Mennon, the Beness of things independent of any ulterior cause.

What is the supernatural? Super means on, upon, above, over, etc., therefore the supernatural means the manifestation or evidence of the natural. It implies the object, as the superstructure of sense, of thought, of reason, or a phenomenal universe erected upon the eternal foundation of the All Father (Omnes) and All Mother (Aum)—the last being the Isness of things.

The superstructure, i. e., the external universe is called On or the Business of things, and known by oriental spirits as the All Word of humanity. We sometimes call the All Word the Omnific Phonograph into which Omnes spoke and Aum sang and it was done. The two now rest, leaving the phonograph as the supreme law of human nature to do the talking and acting.

All your automatic senses are but the work of the omnific phonograph. Listen, you now hear, feel and know by experience all sorts of things. The phonograph now sets your emotional diaphragm to vibrating, and as the sun and stars revolve, the crank turns and now you hear the full orchestra of creation repeating the song of *Aum*, entitled the birth of space; then follows the music of the spheres,

and so on down to the conversation of the animals and the whistling of the wind.

In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the All Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God.

In him was life, and the life was the light. Omnes said let there be light and there was light, and the ignorant comprehend it not. Now, the All Word or the Creator is the chief *object* of the religious world. Evolution or phenomena is the great *object* of scientists. These objects are identical, for a phenomenon is synonymous with evolution.

But this *object* was with God and *was* God.

God being the subject, it follows that the object, considered apart from phenomenal changes, merges into the subject and finds rest in the permanent basis of all uncaused existence as the subject.

Let us all investigate and cling to the truth. Truth will make you whole—On, Aum and Omnes. Recollect that nature has two sides, its periods of labor and rest, life and death, night and day, which partially determines the subject from the object.

Spirits are born of the All Father souls of the All Mother. One environs the other, and the All Word is but the manifestation of the Omnific Babe, and this microcosm differentiates into all else.

Now, materialists start with matter in motion; scientists with evolution and the unknown behind

The unknown is called a homogeneous something—perhaps ignorance is that something which is differentiated into all the known.

Now, what is was, and this by *pre-existence* reaches back to the eternal. Sense is quite as essential as nonsense all the while. Let us see if we can make any sense out of the expression: And God said, Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness, etc. (1st), *Us* implies more than one; it includes the Mother God, or the positive and negative poles, or male and female principles of existence. This destroys your homogeneity, but not the harmony between the two. Night is polarized into day, and matter is but potential mind, or vice versa.

The Tree of Knowledge is typical of the conscious spirit, and the Tree of Life that of the soul of love; both imply growth and human progress. The journey of the prodigal son represents Adam's fall, or descent into matter, when he generated the seven spirits and the seven celestial spheres over which they preside. Recollect that in the *becoming*, voluntary retrogression, segregation or differentiation there begins; that the All Word and the seven spirits were invisible, astral beings; that all was divided, first by segmentation into huge island universes which continued to subdivide or individualize in various ways until the life fluid was reduced to atoms, or centers of volcanic energy. Here the conscious spirit demands a halt, for all his substance hath been spent in riotous

living, and the real Ego or Atma found. Now we have dropped from the top of futurity to the bottom of eternity.

Now let us ascend the *arc* of day. Here the male and female spirits and souls constitute the law of natural selection, and are at liberty to choose their help meet, or to reorganize themselves into molecular bodies, or into worlds, and float out on the bosom of space as monarchs of all they survey.

Behold the planetary spirits engineering worlds into line. See how Mother Saidie, Eona, Adra, Juno, Leivon and hosts of others are bringing order out of chaos.

All through the phenomena of change the spirit of man ever remains one and the same conscious quality. Also, the soul ever remains the principle of life, but extracts differently in different states owing to its environment. Thus both as one mixture or compound are ever taking on and throwing off, from their organic being, with the hope of finding that which was dissipated into their descent into generation. It is the loss or absence of those parts of one's self that cause that aching void at the core of the soul—said void always spurring you on until all is found. You have heard ministers talk about the lost sheep, Cain, etc. Well, this too means the rubbish cast out in the descent, and to find it is to save it.

There is more joy in heaven over the return of one black sheep than over ninety-nine that need no saviour. Thus man in seeking saves

himself. The process of association of atoms, monads, elementals, nature spirits, animal and human germs, wants, desires and thoughts of others, spiri's and souls from "over there," is indeed a medley. Each and all producing its good or bad effects such as health, happiness, disease or occult phenomena, such as animal magnetism, mesmerism, charms, hypnotism, illusion, psychology, clairvoyance, phonographic sounds, trance, prophecy, voices, etc. Hence, men and women frequently ask, Am I myself or somebody else?

Thus, selfish men, who grab for all in sight, are loaded down with microscopic animals, bacteria, proto-plasts, scarabei, passions and thoughts of others. They are more somebody else than they are themselves.

These nature spirits, germs and human thoughts are lost, and are willing to cuddle, like a brood of chickens, in any brain or body that will receive them. Like every human association, these little peepers soon quarrel, and in their fury (furies of the air) may cause a cyclone in revenge for being expelled by their superior, man, and wonder why their God (man) is such a devil. Really, these germ seeds are the breath of life, i. e., the food that nourishes the master-soul. They entered the nostrils of a sun-dried Adam, and he became a living soul

—this and Elijah's bones illustrates their potency for good or evil. 'Tis thus that the body and soul of the conscious spirit is made up of billions of microscopic living entities—all headed for the front. [For evidence see Pasteur, Koch's and the investigation of others on this point.] Each atom, each entity is helpless without the assistance of the others, for each is a link in the endless chain. Thus, climbing to the hill-tops of master-ship is a long experience of incarnations, where all is felt and learned from the lowest to the highest by association—All knowledge. Experience is no illusion; it deceives no one. Now, if you wish to be happy, seek, until you find your eternal soul mate, then there will be no more aching void, for, two souls will beat as one; this, and only this assures immortality. Behold the mental wrecks on earth! You ask for time, we grant it; the eternal is never in a hurry. Finally objective nature merges into the conscious subject where all knowledge is self-evident in its omnipresence. Saidie, Adra and many other oriental spirits are now visiting the earth as messengers from the Halls of Light, and this is but a fraction of the science of life they would teach. Of course their success depends largely on the means used, and on the right living of the masses.

Peace be with you, Aum.

F. R. LOCKLING.

A DAY AT SUNNY BRAE.

BY MAY HESS FANNING.

DEDICATORY exercises were held at Mrs. E. L. Watson's country home, Sunny Brae, on Sunday, June 7th. The drive through Santa Clara valley was indeed lovely; the roads lined on either side with late blooming wild flowers, bees, birds, and butterflies, on the wing, meadows knee deep with grass, herds of beautiful cattle, fields of ripening grain, lovely farm houses, and palace homes of rich fruit growers, orchards and vineyards of ripening fruit, flower gardens, rich in color and perfume rare, the bluest of summer skies above us, and the grand old mountains on either side, wrapped in their purple robes of mist and mystery. In the midst of all this beauty of scene stands Sunny Brae farm with its pleasant home, its old oaks, pleasant drives, walks and flower gardens. At noon the guests gathered for luncheon under the spreading oaks, where tables had been erected for the occasion, happy and free as birds in the branches above us.

After dinner all assembled under the largest tree of the garden, where were found seats and a prettily draped platform. The only floral decorations were two large antique vases of snow white lillies.

Mr. Woods, of San Francisco, in a few timely remarks, introduced Mrs. Watson; the Sunny Brae choir, led by the hostess' daughter, Miss Lulu, rendered some fine instrumental music. The speaker, after giving a most beautiful invocation, delivered an address of rare excellence, many declaring that all her old time eloquence and inspiration had returned to her. The audience listened with intense interest until the close, when many of her personal friends from the city and San Jose offered congratulations and words of praise.

The address embraced so much that pen of ours is unable to outline it, or give any idea of its true worth. She defined the very essence of true religion, giving the Spiritualistic idea of creation, God, Christ and the Bible.

Before leaving the grounds a spirit voice bade me ask Mrs. Watson for a lily from the stand, saying if I would take it home with me, they would write for her a poem. I did so and she gave me three. I enclose the verses written through me by the spirit, for unless controlled, I can not write in rhyme at all.

Only three snowy lilies,
Fragrant, pure and bright,
Upon my table lying,
Like a vision of delight.

In my room an incense holy,
The glimpse of a magic land,
A misty cloud like vapor,
And the touch of an angel's hand.

I hear the flower bells ringing,
To call the lilies home,
For their earthly mission is over,
And their brief life race is done.

What is the song you are singing?
In the silence of my room,
While life and death are waiting,
To carry your spirits home.

"From mother earth so lovely,
"We grew by night and day,
"With love's sweet sunshine o'er us,
"To brighten life's dark way.

"We grew in storm and shadow,
"Looked up when fierce winds blew,
"We doubted not our mission,
"But gathered sun and dew."

O lilies! Spirit lilies!
Tarry awhile I pray,
And tell of the fair sweet woman,
Who dwells at "Sunny Brae."

And the lilies answered softly:
Under their dying breath,
"She is fair, and sweet, and lovely,
"A lily of human birth.

"And in some far off garden,
"Beyond the shades of earth,
"Her pure and flower-like spirit,
"Shall find its higher birth."

I looked and the lilies vanished,
Like mists before the sun,
In my room their incense only,
Their life on earth was done.

But not their mission holy,
Their words were of life a part,
Like the fair and beautiful woman,
So dear to many a heart.

THE RAMBLER.

BY A. W. A.

My spirit flies in fancy free,
To realms of space far o'er the sea
Of azure blue that hides from sight
Of mortal eyes the angels bright.

The loved ones there all kindly greet
The wanderer from this earthly plane,
And with treasures rare laid at my feet,
They strive my spirit to retain.

In sweet content my spirit vies
With them in kindly deed,
But yet I find that with their lives
The wants are few their spirit need.

To earth again my spirit goes
To teach the things that there I learned,
And fit for life beyond all those
Who by their deeds such life have earned.

A WONDERFUL ENTRANCEMENT.

BY ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

I HAVE been urged to give an account to the readers of the *GOLDEN WAY* of one of the many occult demonstrations that have occurred along down the line of my ancestry. Dates I can not give, but the facts are well authenticated in history as well as in the genealogy of my family. My mother's great-grandfather's name was William Tenant; he was born in London, England. When a lad he studied for the ministry, his brother then in the pulpit was his teacher. It was during the reign of Queen Anne that then religious opinions were denied them and they were forced to fly from their mother land to save their heads. They settled in New Brunswick. In company with them came a young doctor who was a warm bosom friend of William. Their friendship was of the kind that is quite rare at this stage of life. The doctor had business in New York, a journey which required three weeks to make on horse back. At that time New York was only a small village. After the doctor had started, William was taken ill, but not enough to lay aside his studies; his brother, Daniel, being a strict teacher, insisted his studies must be recited at the usual hour. Weeks rolled on: William continued to pine and become dull. At last one morning he was seated in his accustomed place in his study chair reciting his

lessons, his head dropped and he fell from his chair; upon his brother raising him, he found that he was dead.

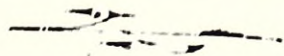
The usual time for keeping a body was four days; that time had expired and all preparations were made for the funeral, when the doctor arrived from his journey. He was overpowered with grief to find his dearest friend dead; he could not believe it; he tore open the shroud, placed his hands over the heart of the supposed corpse, he felt a slight warmth, and exclaimed aloud, "He is not dead! He is not dead!" When he began to use restoratives and endeavor to bring his friend back to consciousness, his brother Daniel demurred. He did not believe William was alive. He did not believe in "flying in the face of providence." He ordered the funeral to proceed. The doctor still insisted upon using restoratives. At last the sermon was over and the procession moved on to the grave, the young doctor still begging for more time, the beads of perspiration rolling down his face. On reaching the grave he pleaded for ten minutes, then for five, then for two. In agony he cried out, "For the love of God give me one more minute." They were about to close the coffin lid as the corpse groaned, when all knelt in prayer save the sensible physician, he was having the body removed to its former home, where after careful

nursing the patient recovered. William Tenant came back from the long trance with memory shattered, could remember nothing but the face of his dearest friend and saviour from a living entombment. He was compelled to learn even his A, B, C's, yet it all came back readily, and he afterwards became an eminent divine.

His experience was strange yet beautiful. He remembered a tall form in white, with a halo of sunlight about his head, who laid its hand gently on his brow and said, "Come with me." He found himself in a new, strange place; flowers grew in great abundance, there were green sloping hills, beautiful waterfalls, trees whose foliage emitted the sweetest spicy odors, friends long since dead greeted him. His mother with her loving smile said, "My son, you can not stay with us, you have work yet to do on earth." He called, "O, do not send me back, I can not go, O, do not." The guide touched him again and said, "Come with me." It was then he groaned in

agony, taking possession of his body again. That groan saved him from the grave. He lived to be a very aged man and at his death his body was interred in a cemetery at Patterson, New Jersey.

I will here relate that I have visited the house, the very room, where this occurred in New Brunswick. One could stand erect and touch the ceilings above; built of massive timbers that all the ravages of time could not destroy. The sill of the quaint old door was worn down a foot, and I wondered where were all the feet, perhaps tired feet, that had crossed the threshold. Where were all the voices gone that resounded once in that large spare room? Where were all the beating hearts that had throbbled with doubt and fear, or maybe joys too sweet for mortal friends to appreciate? Answer came, "Perhaps some are walking by your side in mortal again asleep to the memories of the past." Perhaps, William Tenant is now in the valley doing the work of the All Father.



CAUSERIE SPIRITUELLE

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

SOME spirits can read the mind and some can not. Some spirits can hear and see audible and visible expressions and some can not. Those who can hear and see objectively are not apt in mind reading. Those who read the mind can respond to mental questions as readily as it uttered. They can read experiences that lay, as it were, "on the table," that may have been forgotten at the moment, but lay there all the same among the archives of the memory. Some spirits can read some minds and can not read others. I do not know as I can throw much of any light on this subject, but I feel like saying a word or two, so I will try to fill out a fragment.

Some spirits are very near this life; that is, are but little removed from mortality. I am not meaning in this connection high or low spirits, but some are closely allied to this world. Their alliance may be from attachment to persons in the form, and of others their attachment may be to material things that still they hunger for; so there may be high and low attachments, and it may not follow that an earth bound spirit is necessarily a low or undeveloped spirit. It is necessary for me to say this for the sake of clearness. I think those spirits who are but little removed from this life hear audible expressions and see what I have written objectively, as I

now do; but they will not know what I will say next until I say it, while a spirit who reads my mind will know it as I know it. Thought is prior to expression in the order of genesis, but practically equal in the order of time. I am not making this division very definite, only feeling my way for an idea.

There are constitutional mind-readers in the form; what makes them so no one can tell; so on the other side of life we carry over our mental characteristics and are mind-readers there. Thus in spirit life are constitutional qualities, as well as improved facilities, and certain it is there are, as I have said, spirits who read what is in the mind, and there are those who can see and hear objectively. The mind reading spirit has the advantage of the spirits who hear and see objectively, for many thoughts find no external expression. If a medium be present, or a mediumistic person, it helps external hearing and seeing. It takes material organs to hear and see material sounds and written expressions; they can easily be found, so that if any spirit wishes to see and hear material things there is opportunity; but the presence of a medium does not open the mental vista; it makes conditions. That is more or less a gift or a growth.

I do not think it perhaps wise to

say, though I have good authority for it, that higher spirits read the mind, and lower ones see and hear externally; and certainly, if I did say so, I should wish to be understood that "high and low," in spirit life, were not what we understand by the terms in this life. I should say spiritually high or low, rather than intellectually. I consider Robert Dale Owen a good authority, and he says higher spirits read our minds; those lower than we are hear or see the expression when uttered or written. Eugene Crowell, a great observer and able writer, says the same, and illustrates it with proof. Both of these writers would say that if Theodore Parker was on one side of me and Jim Fiske on the other, as invisible spirits: the latter would hear my uttered thoughts, and read objectively my written words, but not read my mind; and the former would read the thought in my mind, but could not hear me utter it. I only use these two names to illustrate the principle. I will add that my mind is rarely read by a spirit, but I know myself, and am not so high by constitution or cultivation that I overtop my surroundings, and that when I sit with a medium the controls are below me, as a general thing, for I know that can not be, but the fact is patent; they can not read my mind, but they can hear what I say, and if I should guy them, they would not know it but I would. Oh, how many times I have been fully charged with a thought—boiling over

with it, but never reached by the spirit.

I think those who get readily what they consider good tests are those whose minds the spirits can read. Such things are not tests to me. Tests of spirit presence are easily obtained, but tests of identity are much rarer. So, when an investigator said to me at Charles H. Bridge's circle, the other night, that he had been following this up for nearly thirty years, and was no nearer than when he first began,—he was not very difficult to convince; he said he wants his father to call him by his pet name; he can do it well enough, if it was his father, and that would settle the matter with him, he should believe it was his father. Says I, knowing how easy it would be for some spirits to read his mind and get his pet name. "I should prefer the spirit father to tell me something that he knew and I did not know, and that I could identify him by." This is what I call a test, and I have had such, though, like "angels' visits," they are few and far between.

Often a memory of the medium, Colchester, comes to mind, and I live pleasantly for a while in the past with my old friend and neighbor, Epes Sargent, for we very often went together to witness his manifestations. Many of the older Spiritualists will remember him. His manifestations were very singular, very intelligent, and certainly very unaccountable, some of them even as spirit

manifestations, and yet were unmistakable. In some respects, his were something like Chas. H. Fosters's writing on the arm initials and names, tests to identify names written on pieces of paper and folded up into pellets; but his most unique ones were different from any one's else, and those were what interested the author of the "Scientific Basis" and myself, and we followed them up night after night and day after day.

A description of one will give the idea. We went to a well-known gentleman's house. As usual, he used a chamber for a seance room. I sat, as usual, on the side of a nearly square table; the medium, Mr. Sargent, and some one else occupied the other three sides. My back was against a bureau, the draw of which could not be opened unless I got up and moved my chair. This location, however, was accidental. On the table before us were paper, cards, and a box of crayon pencils of various colors.

While having various manifestations, Colchester said to me, "Take a few of those cards and see that they are white and clean, and mark them so as to know them." I took a half a dozen, and cut crooked corners off of each, and put the bits in my pocket, and he said, "Put the cards out of sight;" and I got up and opened one of the drawers behind me, which seemed to be packed full of white clothing; but I put in the cards and also a handful of the crayons, some eight or ten, of various colors, and shut the drawer. I took

my seat and then we went on with the manifestations as before. Coming to a pause in fifteen or twenty minutes, the medium said, "You better see, Mr. Wetherbee, how your cards look." I got up, moved my chair, and opened the drawer, and on each of those cards were drawn artistic pictures of fruit, flowers, scenery, birds, houses, etc., and the colors of each of the crayons were found in the several pictures. My bits fitted into the mutilated corners. We were absolutely certain that they were the same cards that were new and clean; it was in the daytime, and no possible communication with the drawer, and the cards had to stand on end owing to the fullness, and the crayons had, for the same reason, to lie horizontally, or roll into the crevices. It has always appeared to me that it was a will rather than a mechanical operation; but the fact is exactly as I have stated it. I suppose Mr. Sargent and myself have been present twenty or thirty times to witness these operations.

I remember one time Sargent said to me, "I will meet you there, and why won't you, on your way, buy a sheet of cardboard, and see if any thing would come on that?" "I will." And he said, "I have no doubt of the cards on our friend's table, still it would be a strong thing to be able to say we bought our own cardboard." On my way I stopped and bought a new sheet, and when I got to the house it was early. Colchester had not arrived, and I cut the board into six or eight squares, of about

five by six inches in diameter, and laid them in a pile on one side. I don't think anyone knew it. Nothing was said about it, and the manifestations went on as usual for nearly an hour, when Mr. Colchester said, "Mr. Wetherbee, take now one of your cards, and mark it so as to know it." I did so by cutting a bit out of a corner and retaining it, passing the card over to Colchester, who took it with his thumb and finger and shied it into the oposite corner of the room, and grabbing a lot of the crayons on the table, threw them over in the same corner, saying, "Go and pick it up," and I did so. The pencils lay scattered helter skelter, and the card, which passed from me white and clean ten seconds before, had a very pretty and artistic vase of flowers drawn upon it, using the colors of the crayons of those he threw after the card. I could name many more incidents of this kind, but these two, out of a great number will give the idea, and they show a short cut in doing things that seem to be indeed "footfalls on the boundary of the spirit world."

Colchester, the medium, used to do one thing that I never saw done before, or since, nor often did he do it. He was not often inclined to do it and had to be in remarkably good trim, and did it voluntarily when he did do it. It rather perplexed me, and it was hard to realize that I had witnessed such a phenomenon when I had got home, when I thought of it. And I would go again hoping

conditions would be right to witness it again. Here is what he said to me once, when there were six or eight persons sitting around the table, having had various manifestations: "Mr. Wetherbee, take a few of those slips of paper and write some names on them;" he did not say of departed persons, though I wrote such as we usually did, four or five, folded them up into pellets, which I did expecting he would give some tests as usual without seeing them, but he said instead, "Will you know the names if you see them again?" "Certainly." "Well," says he, "go to the window and throw them into the street." I did so, shut the window and took my seat. He said then, "Where would you like to have them placed?" I hesitating, not fully understanding him, he said, "Any where, say where would you like to find them," and, as I happened to notice two small vases on the mantel, I said, "in the further one." "Well," said he, go and look," and I did so, and there were the pellets and the names, the same ones that I had thrown out the window and should have been blowing up or down the street.

The same thing was done for others as well as for me, not often, but I can safely say five or six times that phenomenon was done as I have stated. This was before I had seen materialization or dematerialization, and it embarrassed me, and it would now, and does when I think of it. It is as incomprehensible as Zollner's fourth dimension. I simply know positively that it was no illusion, or decep-

tion, or sleight of hand, and the same identical papers with the same names that were out of doors, were at once found in the vase on the mantel, the medium nor any one else having left their seats at the table, and the parlor where we were sitting was bright-

ly lighted with a gas chandelier. I don't see how it was done, or the object of it as a spirit manifestation, unless it was to show their power to do the unaccountable, and they succeeded.

PARTING.

Weep not that we must part;
Partings are short, eternity is long.
Life is but one brief stage,
And they that say love ends with life are wrong
List to thine own heart's cry—
Love can not die.

What though so far away?
Thy thoughts are still with me and with thee mine,
And absence has no power
To lessen what by nature is divine.
Listen to thine own heart's cry—
Love can not die.

Then weep no more, my love;
Weeping but shows thy trust in me is small.
Faith is by calmness proven,
For know this truth: thou can'st not love at all
Unless thine own heart cry—
Love can not die.

—*All the Year Round.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THAT grand and beautiful soul, Mrs. Leland Stanford, has added another jewel to her crown, in providing by deed of trust of \$100,000 for the permanent maintenance of the kindergarten schools bearing her name in San Francisco, and whose existence and support heretofore have been due to her liberality. The funds she devotes to this work are at present in the form of railroad bonds drawing five per cent. interest, which will yield the sum of \$5000 annually, the amount Mrs. Stanford has heretofore contributed yearly to this noble charity. Mrs. Stanford has established and supports seven kindergarten schools—five in San Francisco and one each at Menlo and Mayfield. There are now twenty-four free kindergarten schools in San Francisco, all established within the past eleven years. They are organized and controlled by an Association of noble women, of which Mrs. Stanford is President, and that saintly soul, Mrs. Sarah Cooper, Superintendent. From the eleventh annual report of the Superintendent we learn that in 1890 no less than 2133 children were cared for in these schools, ranging from 18 months to 6 years of age. The schools are under the immediate control of forty-five teachers and trained assistants. The total re-

ceipts of the association last year were \$31,667. In the six years since Mrs. Stanford established her first school she has contributed over \$52,000 to their support. It is truly blessed to be rich when one has the heart to make such noble use of wealth.

DR. A. C. MILLER, of this city, has opened a most delightful home for Spiritualists and others at 314 Ellis street. All who desire real home comforts and home cooking will find this the place *par excellence* in every department. Friends from the country will find a pleasant reading-room and congenial associates. Having had so many inquiries for such a place, or a restaurant kept by Spiritualists, we take special pleasure in announcing Dr. Miller's home; as heretofore we were obliged to say we knew of no place where a home-cooked meal could be had and enjoyed by persons accustomed to refined surroundings and of delicate taste, kept by those of our cult. There is so much in the way a meal is served; whether one relishes their food or not. The "Miller Home" is centrally located, on one cable line and within a block of four others. Eastern tourists will find "all the comforts of home" on reasonable terms at 314 Ellis street.

SOME one has said, "Earth's greatest heroes are often those of which the noisy world hears least." The pages of history are filled with glorious deeds of the brave on fields of honor and in places of high estate, deeds on which the gaze of the world was turned. It required little courage to be heroic under those conditions, for already the expectant ear had caught from afar the ravishing sounds of fame. The veriest coward can be brave when he knows the world is waiting to applaud. But to stand alone and be a hero, to walk the loveless road unmarked by any friendly guide save the finger of duty pointing the way, to rise up in one's own manliness and completely set to route the contending forces of evil in his nature, test the very metal of the soul; it is these qualities which eagle-like lift men to actualization of true heroism.

There are many unwritten heroes and heroines whose daily lives are poems, eloquent with noble action. What lessons may sometimes be learned from the faithful, illiterate servant, by her fidelity to truth and duty. We have seen a frail, delicate woman who would shrink appalled at a trifling danger stand like adamant in the midst of disaster when thrilled by the electric fire of duty, unmoved and unmovable.

How transcendently superior is a truly heroic soul to all else. It costs a tremendous effort to be always just, to live every day in the light of our divine nature. It can not be accomplished by a single vic-

tory, but by many conquests and a constant, earnest endeavor to rise above the noxious reach of little things.

There are many struggling to reach the summit of a more perfect manhood and womanhood. They are scaling the rugged way with no warning hand to point out the crevices and pitfalls at every turn; but to these determined conquerors the watchword is ever onward and upward, following only the white light of the soul, till the final goal is reached.

DR. and Mrs John Allyn of St. Helena celebrated a memorial event in their lives at their home, June 5th. It was the thirtieth anniversary of their marriage. The occasion called forth the congratulations of their friends, which are legion, in the community where they have dwelt in harmonious conjugal relations for so many years. Their hospitable home presented a scene full of beauty and tenderness. The young, the matured and those near the sunset of life had all assembled to extend the hand of good will and express their appreciation of the true worth of the bride and groom of thirty years ago.

The choicest blossom in this pilgrimage of life is love—the love which endures all shock of change and time. We find a bright example in true marriage in the doctor and his fair companion whose united hearts and destiny having reached the mile stone, marked "Pearl Wedding," are still young in spirit and their hearts

are bound in a closer union, by a deeper and more lasting tie, then when the roseate hue of youth first made life precious with love's dalliance.

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With hearts never changing and brows never cold,
Love on through all ills and love on 'till they die."

They were the recipients of many beautiful souvenirs, and the flowers of June made the whole place redolent with spring.

The following original poem was contributed for the occasion by Mrs. S. G. Pellet, of St. Helena:

When I knew that years had woven the threads
Of a garment bright, to enfold
The three decades of your wedded life
With its sorrows and joys now told,

I thought of this charming valley and hoped
That your wedding of pearl would seem
The very brightest and sweetest of all,
Through the haze of your latest dream.

I saw the beautiful sweep of the hills
And the valley broad between
Lying all aflame with its flow'rs of gold
In a drapery of green.

And my heart was stirred with a wish that you
In this beautiful land so blest,
Had found on the western slope of life,
Contentment, fruition and rest.

What think you of the approaches that lead
Where the storms of life seem past?
And what of the after glow of the years
Which crimson your skies at last?

Could the dreams of to-day bring back the time

When you were a beautiful girl,
Would your cup be as sweet as here and now
On your wedding day of pearl?

Would you as a boy go over again
The journey which now is replete
With garnered sheaves? Would you struggle again
Up the hill, 'mid the noonday heat?

Though heights you sought, you may not have reached,
Or fruits, which you hoped to secure;
The friendships crowning your wedding of Pearl
Are generous, costly and pure.

From crystal to china, silver to pearl,
Yet still the best is not told,
Till two decades hence, we greet you again
Here or there, at your wedding of gold.

The GOLDEN WAY and the hosts of friends which the doctor has made through his contribution to these columns and the press at large, waft him and his good wife on the pearly waves of loving thought the wish that cares sit lightly on their brows as "dew drops on the willow" when the evening-tide of life flows on; and when the night shade of mortal existence falls, may loving hands unbar the gates of pearl into the realm of eternal love.

AMONG the fashionable modistes of this city is Mrs. Williams, 211 Jones street, which is first-class in every respect. She can make a more perfect fit with greater ease than any dressmaker we know. She is a natural artist in draping and combining of colors.

AN expert and experienced official in an insane asylum is reported to have said that those institutions were filled with people who can not control their feelings, and that no one is quite safe from an insane asylum who allows himself to be carried up or down the great current of emotion without self-control at the helm.

There is no lesson in life so important, so calculated to effect the weal and woe of a whole lifetime as that one lesson, to be master of self. Unnumbered lives have been stranded on the quicksands of ungoverned feeling.

There is a philosophy in it, too. The man who retains his self-poise under great vexations, creates for himself a force which connects him with a greater power of strength; while the man who foolishly loses his equilibrium, loses just so much of positive force to help him fight the battles of life.

The child should be taught self-discipline for its earliest lessons. The sooner in life this lesson is learned the better for the child and the man. It can be taught in so many little ways. The necessity of a little self-denial inculcates the true principle, and if children were schooled from the first in right discipline, a world of difficulties would be avoided.

A noted physician once told the writer that no provocation whatsoever could make him angry. On inquiry we learned that in early life he had a fearful temper, also a heart trouble, and by yielding to these paroxysms of rage he endangered his

life. So he quietly resolved not to become his own executioner by allowing his angry passions ever to rise. He simply conquered the impulse of anger.—It was one of the Satans he put behind him.

Every passion belonging to the lower instincts can be mastered when man fully realized that they carry death in their every impulse. "Be master of thyself" is the metaphysician's precept; it is a fundamental factor in metaphysics. It is this perfect discipline of will which makes Mahatmas, and gives to them the masterful force to overcome "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to."

We are certain that the benign face of J. B. Fayette, President and Corresponding Secretary of the S. A. O. of L., as represented in this edition will be a source of great pleasure to all the members of the order as well as Spiritualists in general. No one can look upon that face and not know that he is, all in all a man of whom Spiritualists may well feel a just pride. He is held in almost holy reverence by his brothers and sisters of the Order for his exalted life and his great magnanimous nature.

A NEW YORK clergyman describes the present unrest in the churches as "ecclesiastical measles" to which the *Christian Register* says, "Whether that is the proper medical designation we do not know, but it is something which is contagious."

THE writer recently attended one of that truly grand and inspired medium's, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, public meetings. The hall was crowded with a highly intelligent audience. Mrs. Whitney's public circles are conducted in the most charming manner. Soft, sweet strains of music, a song by a quartette is rendered divinely, then a solo by a fine voice, whose tones almost reach the inner sanctuary of one's soul. The medium, commanding in person, with a lovely face and manner as sweet as an angel's, stepped forward and urged those present to give her kind, sweet thoughts. Mrs. Whitney then went under control; then followed test after test as fast as the guide could use her vocal organs. All were recognized save two. The last grand test was given to Hannah Pettigrew, M. D., of Sterling, Illinois. It is the lady's first visit to this city, and she had been here only two days, and Mrs. Whitney did not know that such a person existed. She turned her face towards the place where Dr. Pettigrew sat and said, "The spirit of a beautiful girl comes to me and says she is Florence Adelaide Pettigrew. She comes to her mother, Grandma Maurillia Gilbert is with her. They have come to assist one who was drowned. Many, many come to you madam. You understand the laws of spirit control." Florence passed from earth twenty years ago; Mrs. Maurillia Gilbert, the grandmother, two years ago; the one who was drowned several years ago. The tests were complete and

Dr. Pettigrew was overpowered with joy, thanksgiving and praise for our wonderfully blessed medium. A benediction followed, the audience seeming well pleased with the evening among spirits.

AMONG our list of excellent exchanges, we find none more alive and full of the thought and spirit of the day than *The Progressive Thinker*, published in Chicago. It is rightly named for it is progressive without being aggressive. It is to-day the leading journal published in America in the interest of Spiritualism, not even excepting the parent organ, *The Banner of Light*. The success attending Brother Francis in so short a space of time is without parallel in Spiritualistic Journalism, and it should speak volumes for his pluck and enterprise. The subscription is only one dollar a year and surely no Spiritualist can afford to do without so good a weekly at that price.

THE Unity Spiritual Society of Santa Cruz holds regular Sunday evening services at Beulah Hall. Dr. W. S. Eldridge has been the regular speaker for some time. The press of Santa Cruz speaks of him in very flattering terms, and say that since his ministration among them there has been a constant increase in attendance and a growing interest in the things spiritual at large. Dr. Eldridge in relating his experience as a physician and medium, said: "Who consults me as a physician? Who comes to me for consolation in

affliction, so anxious for a word from some dear departed? Are they all Spiritualists? No. Many more are members of some church, and even the clergy are glad to be relieved from torturing pain, and, when the orthodox remedies fail, employ others." He also gives tests which are very convincing. The Society trusts the doctor will be with them a long time as they feel assured that he is a power for good.

We publish in full in this issue the Deed of Trust conveying certain realty in San Diego to a Board of Trustees from Mrs. E. A. Hammatt for the purpose of establishing a Mediums' Home. It is a most worthy object and Mrs. Hammatt has been very wise in her selection of trustees. Mesdames Bushyhead, Keyes, Taylor and Fanning and Dr. Capps are all well and favorably known. They are capable of carrying on Mrs. Hammatt's philanthropic work, after she will have laid down the burden of life, and passed on. They all have the good of the cause at heart, and are highly unfolded spiritually as well as intellectually, fitted to manage such an institution. Mrs. Hammatt is traveling and adding to the funds for the buildings of the Home all the time. She is meeting with good success wherever she goes. We sincerely trust that wealthy Spiritualists will aid this good sister in her honest endeavor to establish this home. If there is one class more deserving of consideration from Spiritualists than any

other, it is the medium. It is the mediums who have had to face the storms of abuse, calumny, opprobrium and unexampled bitterness, such as others know not of in this enlightened age. We wish Mrs. Hammatt unbounded success in this noble undertaking.

From information which has reached us, we judge they have a very unceremonious way of doing business in Summerland, but usually very effective. For instance when the good people of that village resolved they would tolerate Albert Morton no longer as editor of the *Summerland*, they simply went *en masse* to the proprietor of that paper and very politely yet firmly informed him that Mr. Morton must go, and there was no standing in the order of his going either, we are told; so Mr. Morton went on a moment's notice and Mr. Kempton came. This gentleman is now editor-in-chief of the *Summerland*. We are not surprised at this sudden termination in Mr. Morton's editorial career. A man who has nothing but gall in his own nature, must expect the same discordant elements of hate to recoil upon himself and it always comes back in double force. But we do not like to strike a man when he is down and we trust that we shall not be called upon to chronicle such bitter antagonisms among Spiritualists again.

We shall have for our August issue a fine photo-gravure of another

prominent member of the Sun Angel Order of Light. Mrs. Geo. Roberts, of San Jose. She has had many remarkable experiences which will be very interesting to all Spiritualists, and have never been made public before. The high character of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts and their position in society give further interest to her and her life work.

HANNAH PETTIGREW, M. D., of Sterling, Ill., and Mrs. Lizzie Hamilton, of Chicago, having recently been sojourning in Summerland, spent some time in San Francisco, before their departure for their Eastern home, the guest of Mrs. Rose L.

Bushnell. Dr. Pettigrew will resume charge of the health resort at Sterling, of which she is proprietor, and Mrs. Hamilton goes to Chicago to enter the pursuit of journalism.

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FROM SOUL TO SOUL

By Frank B. Rowland

When we think of the soul, we think of the immortal part of us, the part that survives death, the part that is the seat of our emotions, our thoughts, and our will.

But what is the soul? Is it a substance? Is it a force? Is it a principle? These are the questions that have puzzled philosophers and scientists for centuries.

In this book, the author attempts to answer these questions by drawing on the latest research in psychology and philosophy.

The author argues that the soul is not a substance, but a force, a principle, or a process. It is the power that gives us life, the power that makes us think, feel, and will.

He also argues that the soul is not immortal, but mortal. It is a part of us that is born with us and dies with us. It is a part of us that is subject to the same laws of nature as the rest of us.

This book is a valuable contribution to the study of the soul. It is a book that every student of psychology and philosophy should read.

Published by the American Psychological Association, Washington, D. C.

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Having been selected by the Board of Trustees of the University of California, Davis, California, as the first professor of mathematics, he has been a member of the faculty since 1891.

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His researches in the field of mathematics have been published in the *Journal of the American Mathematical Society*, the *Journal of the London Mathematical Society*, and the *Journal of the Royal Society of London*.

He is also the author of several books on mathematics, including *The Elements of Algebra* and *Algebra for Beginners*.

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The author discusses the nature of these phenomena, the methods of investigation, and the results of his researches.

These studies are a valuable contribution to the study of psychic science. They are a book that every student of psychology and philosophy should read.

Published by the American Psychological Association, Washington, D. C.

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